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back roads  
glory holes  
truck stops  
raunchy highwaymen

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Los Angeles. In a city which prides itself for sexual excitement, the leather/SM community has taken a leading role in creating an assortment of sex/SM play spaces, retail outlets, and leather hang-outs. In L.A.'s dungeons, every man is a star!  
 Information and photos by Rich Grzesiak.

### ON YOUR KNEES ..... 26

Take a hot, sweaty afternoon, add a horny, nasty guy out to relieve his tension, and you will get explosive results! Recognize the truck stop?

Photos by Hot House Entertainment. Model: Cliff Parker.

### "HARPER'S FAIRY" ..... 36

With the way most rest stops have cleaned up their act these days, it's hard to find a raunchy place to get your rocks off. Well, Harper has a special place for nasty fuckers who are willing to beg.  
 Story by Matthew Walker. Illustration by REX.

### "TRUCKIN' DOWN THE I" ..... 42

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Story by Jake Riviera. Illustration by REX.

### MR. DRUMMER FINALS 1994 ..... 50

Limits were stretched at Drummer's version of the Inquisition. A lot of flesh and fantasy was displayed as we now refresh your nasty memories—blow by blow!

Photos by Scott Beseman.

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

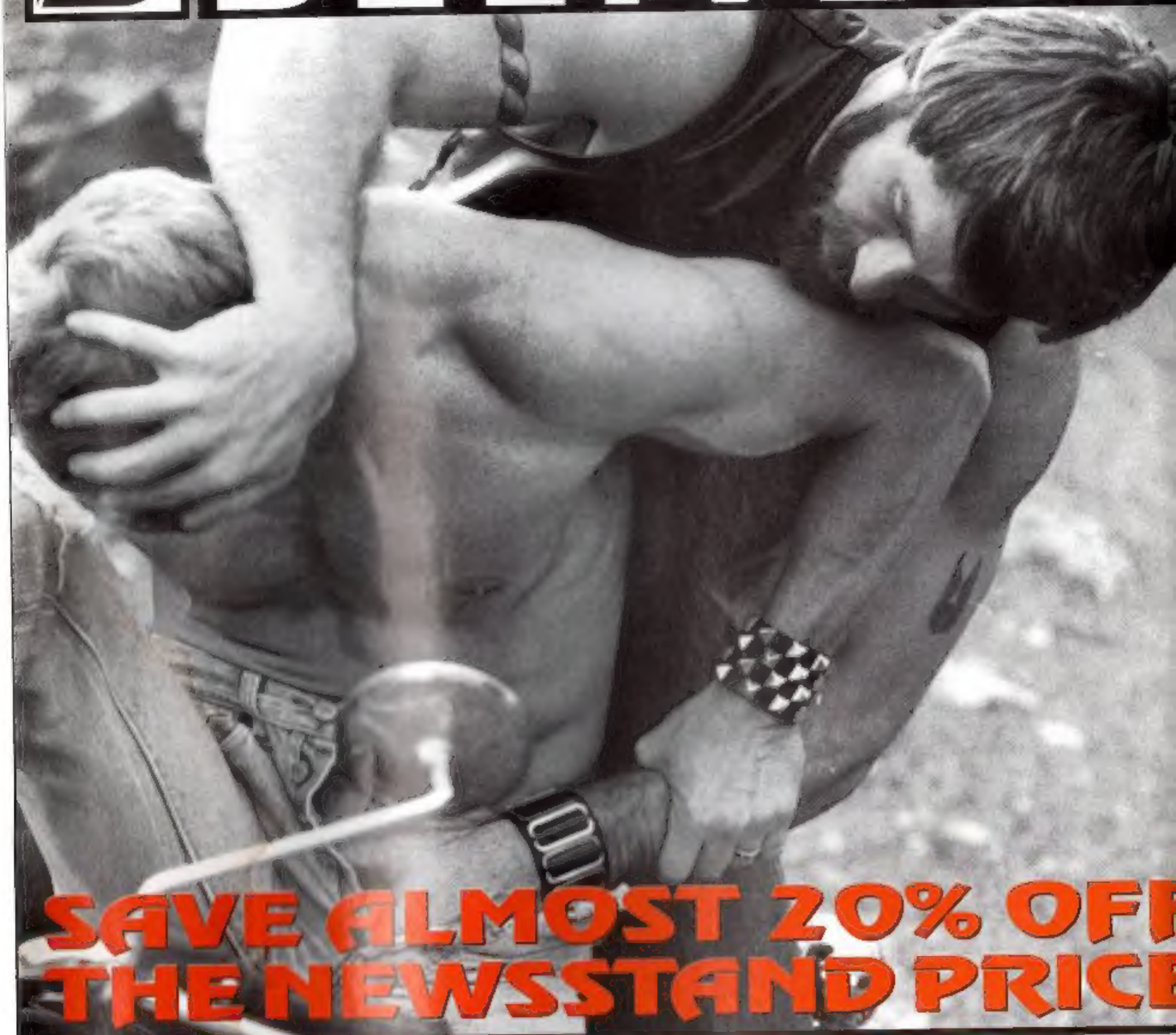
-Henry David Thoreau



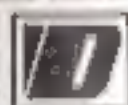




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## UNSUNG HEROES

### OFF THE TOP

BY MARCUS-JAY WONACOTT

Do you know Walter Klingler? How about Jerry Roberts? Johnny Grey? If you are scratching your head and muttering, *Huh?*, you are not alone. These respected individuals have been long-time

contributors to the leather community, not only in their hometowns, but on a larger scale as well. Yet they are not in the public eye.

For many years, Walter took care of each International Mr. Leather contestant as IML's backstage Den Daddy. Jerry single-handedly organizes, promotes, and helps to sell the SF Eagle's Bare Chest Calendar, raising money for the AIDS Emergency Fund. He also organizes volunteers for any event or weekend run where help might be needed. Johnny has been a Mr. Drummer sponsor for over seven years, usually losing money in the process, but never losing his determination to keep *Drummer* and the leather lifestyle alive in the Gulf Coast region. These three men are just an example of the hundreds of individuals who diligently work for the good of our community. What is even more important to know is that there are many other unsung heroes and selfless contributors working their butts off across the country.

Why do they do it? I mean, what's in it for them? Almost without question every one of these people says that the work itself and the ensuing results are their reward. It is the opportunity to give back some of what they feel they have received in years past. I know you recognize these people. They show up at each beer bust, club night, and special fundraising event. They stand out because they pour beer, take money at the door, sell raffle tickets, and cook or clean at bike runs.

But, wait! Just try to give them some public recognition and watch them squirm! They honestly do not know why it is necessary to be put on a pedestal (or behind a podium). These guys seem genuinely modest and resist group adoration. They feel it might present a false impression of why they contribute. They do not work for the glory.

Traditionally, we have recognized titleholders as the workhorses of our community. As a staff person for *Drummer* magazine, I have had the honor of knowing many past and present titleholders. We have had the opportunity to talk about what it takes to "bottom to the community." Very quickly after winning a contest, a titleholder becomes aware of what the leather community expects of a public representative. Here's a typical scenario:

*Investigate what the needs are of each locality, speak to those needs and try to inspire support from others, raise some funds, talk out some ideas, develop*

*some friendships, then move on to the next speaking engagement where this process starts over again.*

It is a role of inspiration and definitely a "learned" process. This breed of individual has accepted the "public" role and most use it for our benefit and their personal satisfaction.

However, I am addressing some special individuals, known and not known, who have incorporated the titleholder philosophy and who do the work (any kind of work) to benefit their local leather bar, AIDS support system, or bike club. They come early and stay late to ensure the success of almost any leather-oriented event.

There is a great deal to be learned from the commitment of so many behind-the-scenes people. I've learned to acknowledge those who continuously lend their services for the benefit of the rest of us. I have also learned that there is something to be said about the satisfaction that comes from hard work or commitment, no matter what the outcome. In addition, I have found the camaraderie that emerges from selfless acts of service to be strong and long-lasting.

As a staunch promoter of a major international title, I support the current system of fundraising and community support. But, I wonder what the possibilities could be if many more of us who will never hold a title were to involve ourselves in the day-to-day activities like beer busts and fundraisers. It seems to me more people would stay involved, not feeling burnt-out or the loss of interest. Plus, I imagine our community's level of satisfaction could remain higher.

To those of you who have consistently contributed your time and energy, I acknowledge you and will tell you so the next time I see you working at an event (and I'll probably join in). To the rest of our tribe, offer assistance at the next event you attend. What have you got to lose? At the very least, you could meet someone special. At the most, you might gain some personal satisfaction as well as make a significant difference with another leatherman, group, or organization. In a recent *Drummer* interview with Marcus Hernandez, Jerry Roberts summed it up. He said, "No. I don't intend to ever stop doing any of this until I am just not able to do it."

I call that a statement of heroism. ■



Photo by Arimondi

"Off The Top" is an editorial opinion piece. It serves as a community forum about a variety of controversial issues. The viewpoints and information shared is that of the author, and do not necessarily reflect the editorial position of *Drummer* magazine.



## MALE CALL

Dear Editor,

I wanted to thank all the people who were involved in the production of all the events and activities of leather week.

I had a great time, met some new people and was very sad to see it all come to an end.

It has made me want to get involved with some group, hopefully by next year.

Thank you all for all the emotions you allowed me to experience.

W.M.  
Berkeley, CA

Dear W.M.,

We, too, had a great time. Each year the contest and the Leather Pride Week events become a labor of love which brings up many emotions for us as well. (I won't say what emotions!) From volunteers and staff to contestants, we come to experience a real family bond. We are glad Mr. Drummer has meaning for so many others around the world.

MJW

Dear Editor,

I just wanted to drop you a line or two and say HELLO. I know that you hear this time and time again, but I would like to thank you and your staff for the hard work that goes into *Drummer* and the other publications of Desmodus, Inc. It is the only real contact with the leather world I have in Utah. I found that the articles are current and helpful to me and the questions I have concerning S&M. Not to mention feeding my twisted and raunchier side of my

alter ego. Well, I will close for now.

Your friend,  
M.E.

Salt Lake City, UT

Dear Editor,

The S/M community does not often have milestone events to celebrate. But with the release of the film *Exit to Eden*, which is based on Anne Rice's S/M erotic novel of the same name, kinky folks everywhere have cause to rejoice. For the first time, a mainstream, big budget Hollywood movie treats S/M with the intelligence and sensitivity it deserves.

When I first saw this film, I could not believe what I was seeing. I carefully watched to see if the film would make a mistake and, as so often happens, portray some negative stereotype about the S/M scene. The film continued to surprise me by treating S/M with the utmost respect. The makers of this film were clearly concerned that they reflect S/M in a way that educated the viewing audience. And it did.

Admittedly, the producers took great license with Anne Rice's original storyline, but the results support such lamporing. The film is a comedy (yes, it's a comedy!) that is both very funny and very erotic while never doing it at the expense of the S/M scene.

Every kinky person should see this film. It celebrates our sexuality while delivering top quality entertainment. Every kinky person should tell their friends and family to see this film because it subtly, but with great style, educates the viewer about what S/M is, and what it is not.

I consider this film to be the single most important, educational vehicle to date for educating mainstream America about S/M sexuality. I strongly encourage the community to support this breakthrough film.

Sincerely,  
R.B.

San Francisco, CA

Dear *Drummer*,

The day after the Int'l. Mr. Drummer Contest, I was mortified to hear at the Folsom Street Fair that the new Mr. Drummerboy is straight! Not only is he straight, but rumor also is that the entire thing was an intentional, conspired deception on the Leather community. It was said that the Seattle representative, Al D. was aware of this gross misrepresentation and encouraged the person not to say anything until after the contest. This has brought enormous shame to Seattle and the Leather community as a whole. Is this the kind of men we should respect within our community?

I feel that we were purposely deceived. I know others feel as I do that *Drummer* must demand the immediate revocation of the *Drummerboy*'s title for acquiring the title under false pretenses. Shouldn't



AL D., MR. NORTHWEST DRUMMER '94,  
MARK COLTER, DRUMMERBOY '94

this event be retained for the gay Leather Community? How can something like this be allowed to stand?

Please do what can be done to return honor to the contest and the Leather community.

R.P.

Seattle, WA

Dear R.P.,

I can understand your dismay at hearing such an astounding rumor. Luckily, you have come to the right place for an accurate answer. Yes, it's true, Mark Colter, Drummerboy 1994, identifies as a straight man. No, there was no deception on his or Al D's part to try and hoodwink the Leather community because many of us knew of his sexual preference before the night of the contest. He is active in the Seattle Leather community and is in a Daddy/boy relationship with a gay man, Al D.

The real issue here is whether or not ANY individual representing Drummer will appropriately fulfill his required duties as Mr. Drummer or Drummerboy. In my conversations with Mark I have determined that he intends to represent the title to the best of his ability. Who he chooses to spend time with or involve himself with sexually is not my or the Leather community's concern. The criteria for revocation of someone's title is not based on sexual preference. It is judged on his ability to do what he promised to do to represent Drummer as well as the Leather community at large.

The reason Mark won was because he most fully personified what it takes to serve one's daddy or master and ultimately the community. I personally

know several heterosexual members and many gay members of our Leather community who are glad Mark is Drummerboy for 1994. I am one. The only evidence of any shame is how some individuals chose to spread an unsubstantiated rumor or that the Mr. Drummer Contest is only for gay men. We have and we will continue to represent and support ALL members of the Leather community. We will not, however, support rumormongering or small-minded bigotry.

Thank you for writing with your concern in order to bring negative press to a halt.  
MJW

Dear Editor,

You have a great magazine and I have been a fan for years, in fact I even appeared as a *Tough Customer* in *Drummer* Issue #69 (I think). I can



honestly say that your magazine seems to be getting better and better.

The articles I appreciate the most are those by your Jack Rinella, *Rough Stuff*. I was quite concerned with your last issue (#176) when I didn't find his insightful article there, but now I understand he is only being published every other issue. That's better than nothing, but personally I think you owe your loyal readers more, not less, of Jack Rinella.

Well I have wasted enough of your valuable time. Keep up the good work and let's keep Mr. Rinella writing.

Yours sincerely,  
r.f.c.

Pensacola, FL

Photos by Scott Beesman



## INTERNATIONAL NEWS

JACQUES HAPPE - Amsterdam  
MARCUS HERNANDEZ - San Francisco  
TOM KVAALE - Köln

### NLA CONFERENCE IN TORONTO

**TORONTO, CANADA**—The National Leather Association's annual Living in Leather conference was held in Toronto in early October and executive sessions and elections of the



Photo by Marcus Hernandez

new board were not exactly amiable. The newly elected board members and officers were not publicized at this deadline.

The outgoing International Mr. NLA, Mark Frazier of Dallas and International Ms. NLA, Artemis Silver Owl, were accorded a huge amount of respect and gratitude for their year with the title.

Mr. Frazier, during his one-year tenure, spent over 40 weekends away from his home to travel, support, and work with leather communities around the U.S. and Canada, setting a high standard for his successors. Mark's easy-going attitude, always smiling countenance as well as his willingness to undergo a certain amount of humiliation in the name of raising funds, is unsurpassed thus far.

The NLA titles were transferred from the two Texans to two Canadians. Calgary's Don Bastian became Intl. Mr. NLA '94 and Mary Dante, a heterosexual woman from Toronto, took Intl. Ms. NLA '94.

### LEATHER LIVES IN UPSTATE NEW YORK

**UTICA, NEW YORK**—On Columbus Day weekend (October

7-9) the Utica Tri's MC staged their Mr. Upstate New York Leather competition. Besides the Big Apple itself, the upstate leather community is making itself very, very visible as evidenced by the big crowd on hand for the "eventful" weekend.

The out-going Mr. Upstate New York, Victor Magide, sashed his successor during the climax of the weekend. Last year, after winning Mr. U.N.Y., Victor, who is also a member of the deaf community, went on to get first runner-up at the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather contest in Washington D.C. last January and then again placed in the top three finalist positions for the International Mr. Deaf Leather competition held in New York during the week of the Stonewall celebration.

In a weekend filled with "meet-and-greet" functions, a dance, and other activities, young Randy Caulkins of Albany took this year's title and will compete at the Mid-Atlantic Leather contest in January. The first runner-up was Terry Rhodes of Sauquoit, NY; David Doolen of Utica placed as the second runner-up. With Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather '93, Frank Nowicki, emceeing the event, there was more humor injected into the proceedings than what is normally seen on *Comedy Central*. Congratulations to the organizers for another successful event.

### NEW IMSL AND IMSL, INC. MOVE TO OMAHA

**OMAHA, NEBRASKA**—In late September, 1994, International Ms. Leather, Anne C.S. Bergstedt, resigned from her title and the International Ms. Leather, Inc. board of directors accepted the resignation and leased rights to producing the annual contest (as a profit making entity for leather women) to former IMSL, Amy Marie Meek of Omaha.

Amy immediately formed a production company, Bare Images, Inc.; formally appointed the second runner-up, Cindy Bookout, as IMSL 1994; and established an information hotline, 800-NEW IMSL (800.639.4676). While no specific date for the IMSL 1995 contest was given, it will be in July, 1995, in Chicago. As it stands now,



Photo by Marcus Hernandez

RANDY CAULKINS, MR. UPSTATE NEW YORK '95

the annual competition will be held in a different major city each year. A quarterly newsletter will also be published.

### LEATHER PRIDE IN THE CAPITAL

**WASHINGTON D.C.**—During the weekend of October 14-16, the Fourth Annual American Brotherhood Weekend took place here in the nation's capital. Originally, only featuring the Mr. American Leatherman and Mr. American Cowboy titles, brainchild of Mike Miller of Boston, Jose Ucles produced this year's contest in Washington D.C. The big feature this year was that they added the Ms. American Leatherwoman title to the festivities.

The mammoth Dungeon Dance as one of the main features along with the competition, turned out to be a sell-out. The event was extremely well-attended with leather people from all over the Eastern seaboard.

The only marring incident was a raid by the D.C. police at the Dungeon Dance because of suspicion of the absence of a dance permit and liquor license. They shut the dance down before 2 a.m. causing attendees a certain amount of distress because the event was billed to run until 4 a.m.

In this case, we know the name of only one winner: Victor Magide of Rochester, NY, is the American Leatherman. Organizers/producers did not get photos or data out by this deadline. In an effort to make these particular titles of major import along with IML, IMSL, International Mr. Drummer, the winners of the American Leatherman and -woman titles are now permitted to compete for any other titles. No word on whether the American Cowboy can compete for anything either. Maybe in rodeos??

### FRENCH PISSOIRS FOR SAN FRANCISCO

**SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA**—A French company, J.P. Detaux, which specializes in "street furniture" (i.e. billboards, pissoirs, bus shelters, etc.), is helping the city of San Francisco to acquire public pissoirs (toilets). Both the *Bay Area Reporter* (San



Photo by Efran Gonzalez

VICTOR MAGIDE, AMERICAN LEATHERMAN 1994



# JANUARY



**NEW  
YEARS  
DAY**

**1**

**Fisting Workshop**  
GMSMA  
NY, NY  
Info: (212) 727-9878  
Location: 208 W. 13th St.,  
Third floor

**11**

**11th Annual DC  
Leather Weekend**  
Centours/MC  
Washington D.C.  
Ramada Plaza Hotel  
@ (800) 424-1140  
Info: (301) 735-6377

**Mr. So. California Bear Contest**  
Bears LA, Los Angeles, CA

**13-15**

**Portland Uniform Weekend 3**  
American Uniform Association & In  
Uniform—The Magazine  
PO Box 100, Portland, OR  
Info: Andy @ (503) 228-6935  
The Cypress Inn @ (800) 225-4205

**13-16**



**Mr./Ms. Silver State  
Leather Contest**  
Silver State Leather  
Association  
Sparks, NV

**20**

**Mr. Las Vegas  
Drummer Contest**  
Las Vegas, NV

**21**

**Fantasy Fiction Night**  
GMSMA  
NY, NY  
Info: (212) 727-9878  
Location: 208 W. 13th St.,  
third floor

**25**

**Mr. Ohio Leather  
Contest**  
Columbus, OH

**27-28**

**Leatherfest Los Angeles '95**  
Leatherfest Los Angeles Association  
The Faultline  
Los Angeles, CA  
Info: (213) 960-5774

**27-29**

**Southern California Masters  
and Slaves Contest**  
Hollywood Magul's  
Los Angeles, CA  
Info: (213) 960-5774

**28**



**NEW  
YEARS  
DAY**

**LSMA—SM Party**  
Hands, Mathiasstraße 22, Köln  
Entrance between 16th and 17th  
Info: LSMA, Postfach 290341,  
50525 Köln, Deutschland  
(GERMANY, Cologne/Köln)

**Powerparty**  
De Schouw, Spaldingsdijk 11, Apeldoorn  
(HOLLAND, Apeldoorn)

**1**

**Tyger, Tyger  
Market Tavern**  
1 Wing Elm Lane, London  
The Club For Body Art  
Info: Tyger Tyger (D)  
PO Box 1155, London  
SW2 7EE, England  
(ENGLAND, London)

**3**

**Leathernight**  
Docks  
150, rue Saint-Maur, 75011 Paris  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**FSC—Uniform Night**  
Quilpost, Eisenstrasse 3,  
10115 Berlin  
(GERMANY, Berlin)

**6**

**Night Of Naked Torsos**  
Docks  
150, rue Saint-Maur, 75011 Paris  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**Rubber Party**  
Vogelaar  
Hemelrijken 18, Eindhoven  
Info: +31 40 44 27 44  
(HOLLAND, Eindhoven)

**7**

**Uniform Party**  
Chaps, Woltmannstraße  
24, Hamburg  
(GERMANY, Hamburg)

**Dockmen Night**  
Docks  
150, rue Saint-Maur,  
75011 Paris  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**13**

**Gummi Night**  
Spika Connection, Mathiasstraße 22, Berlin  
(GERMANY, Berlin)

**Black Leather Night**  
Eagle, Mathiasstraße 51, Stuttgart  
(GERMANY, Stuttgart)

**14**

**APM URO & LATEX**  
Golden Shower Party  
Keller's  
14, rue Keller  
75011 Paris  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**15**

**SM Gays—Discovery Night**  
(educational SM)  
The Black  
5 Parkfield Street  
Islington/London  
(ENGLAND, London)

**18**

**LMC Vienna—Pigs In Paradise**  
Why Not, Tiefen Graben 22, Wien  
Info: LMC Vienna, Postfach 24,  
A-1032 Wien, Österreich  
(AUSTRIA, Vienna/Wien)

**Perversion**  
The Anvil  
88 Tookystreet, London  
(ENGLAND, London)

**20**

**Männerfabrik**  
Althorn  
Hermannstraße 83, Oldenburg  
(GERMANY, Oldenburg)

**General Meeting and Elections**  
Tightropes of Halifax  
(NOVA SCOTIA, Halifax)

**21**

**LSMA—Fist Fuck Party**  
Hands, Mathiasstraße 22, Cologne  
Entrance between 16 and 17th  
Info: LSMA, Postfach 290341,  
50525 Köln, Deutschland  
(GERMANY, Cologne/Köln)

**BODY TALK—Golden Shower**  
The Celler, Oude Gracht 64, Utrecht  
(HOLLAND, Utrecht)

**22**

**MSC Scotland**  
Burns' Supper Gathering  
(SCOTLAND)

**27-29**

**Gummi Night**  
Gray-Haus, Mathiasstraße 14/  
Postfach 290341, München  
(GERMANY, Munich/München)

**Beardmen Party**  
Mezzo, Koppel 01, Hamburg  
(GERMANY, Hamburg)

**27**

**Rouge et Noir (Red & Black)**  
Docks, 150, rue Saint-Maur,  
75011 Paris—21.00 till dawn  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**MARTIFOTO—Scat**  
Vogelaar, Hemelrijken 18,  
Eindhoven  
(HOLLAND, Eindhoven)

**28**

**Grand Buffet & DJ**  
The Web, Sint Jacobstraat 6,  
Amsterdam—DJ starts 17h,  
Buffet opens 19h  
(HOLLAND, Amsterdam)

**Fist Fuck & Dildo Night**  
Keller's, 14, rue Keller,  
75011 Paris  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**29**



**Seattle Mr. Leather Contest**  
Generic Leather Productions  
Neighbors Nite Club  
Seattle, WA  
Info: (206) 233-8527

**3-4**

**Anything for Love '95**  
Ramada—University Hotel  
Columbus, OH  
Info: PO Box 19275,  
Cincinnati, OH 45249

**9-12**

**Bear Expo '95**  
Beast Hug Group of  
San Francisco  
San Francisco, CA

**International Bear Rendezvous**  
Bears of San Francisco  
San Francisco, CA

**Pantheon of Leather Weekend**  
The Leather Journal  
Landmark Hotel @ (800) 277-7575  
New Orleans, LA  
Info: (213) 656-5073

**17-20**

**International Masters and Slaves Contest**  
The Leather Journal  
New Orleans, LA  
Info: (213) 656-5073

**18**



**15 Association's 15th Anniversary**  
San Francisco, CA  
Info: (415) 673-0452

**24-26**



**Black Frost '95**  
Black Guard of Minneapolis  
Minneapolis, MN  
Info: PO Box 8989  
Minneapolis, MN 55408-0989

**17-19**



**Jackaroo's 19th Anniversary**  
The Laird @ (03) 417-2832  
Info: GPO Box 5064Y,  
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia  
(AUSTRALIA, Melbourne)

**3-5**

**Sauce: Hot & Spicy**  
The Black, 5 Parkfield Street, Islington/  
London  
(ENGLAND, London)

**Köln-Oliv—Uniform Meeting**  
Hands: Matthiasstraße 22, Cologne  
(GERMANY, Cologne/Köln)

**3**

**Keller's Exchange!!!**  
Keller's 14, rue Keller, 75011 Paris  
(FRANCE, Paris)

**YSSM—SM**  
The Bass, Rijswijkseweg 536, Den  
Haag  
Info: +31 20 42 02 117  
(HOLLAND, The Hague/  
Den Haag)

**5**

**Tiger Tiger**  
Market Tavern, 1 Mine Elms Lane, London  
The Club For Body Art  
Info: Tiger Tiger (00), PO Box 1155, London  
SW2 1LE, England  
(ENGLAND, London)

**SPG—Solier Sex Party**  
Banque Club, 23, rue de Panthéon,  
75008 Paris, (FRANCE, Paris)

**7**

**Melbourne Leather Pride Week**  
Info: PO Box 359, Abbotsford,  
Victoria 3067, Australia  
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**10-19**

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COC, Rozenstraat 8, Amsterdam  
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**10**

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**12**

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**15**

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**17**



**Männerfabrik**  
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**18**

**SPG—Jack Off Party**  
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(HOLLAND, Amsterdam)

**19**

**Bournemouth LSMC—9th Birthday**  
(ENGLAND, Bournemouth)

**24-26**

**Gummi Night**  
Gray-Hound's  
Holzstraße 14 / Pestalozzistraße  
München  
(GERMANY, Munich/München)

**24**



# The Next Best Thing To Being Theirs

by Dyk

## HEAT ME UP

Okay, okay picture this: flight attendants meet other flight attendants and there's a whole new meaning to the words sky mattress. The story in Primo Video's *Measuring Up* centers around the sexual antics of two flight attendants who are lovers. There are missed connections, visiting foreigners, and uppity housemates. All come with beautiful big dicks and plenty of cum shots.

My only complaint is the soundtrack which isn't in sync with the action and some of the music just doesn't work for me. I guess when you have to watch gay porn videos for a living you get easily distracted by little



CAUTION: MAX HOLDEN, FROM *ONE MAN'S POISON*, HAS A BODY OF DEATH AND A BUTT TO DIE FOR—BE CAREFUL!

things like lips not moving but somebody's talking. This stars Chris Champion (my favorite), introducing Kevin Dean with Mike Lamas, Robert Harris, Eric Evans and more. (Ordering information for the reviews in this issue are located in the sidebar on page 16).

In *One Man's Poison*, the studs at Hot House balanced the fantasy of the sex scenes with the reality of interviews with the performers. It's refreshing to get to know some true tidbit about the guy you're about to see getting fucked up the ass. Doug Forbes and Mike Lamas cruise one another then get it on in an alley. Lamas, a Latin stud with a big uncut cock, tells the viewer through an interpreter how he prefers well-endowed, masculine men.

Joey Stefano is apparently making a comeback from the many years of working the clubs with his dildo show. Joey is now sporting a mane of long hair which he can't stop flipping and fondling. In *One Man's Poison*, he begins his segment by finger fucking himself then uses some of his well-worn dildos to help him out. This is all for the benefit of a "John" sitting calmly at a cocktail table drinking his bourbon and smoking cigarettes to keep him from going into sexual overload. Well, Joey is the one who goes into overload and



ANOTHER POISONOUS HOT HOUSE STUD, STEPHAN BERTOLI.

ends up calling his customer over to exchange some services.

In another scene David Logan, Beau Saxon and Stephan Bertoli get it on in an elevator. Bertoli, a Hot House exclusive, is a butch foreigner who, in his interview vignette, claims he likes fucking beautiful ass for hours. Unfortunately, we never see it happen in *One Man's Poison*. Maybe next time. Other stars include Tony Hampton, Max Holden and our very own cover discovery, Brad Hunt (*Drummer* #172).

## WILD & CRAZY

While I never had the fortune of meeting him, I believe Tom of Finland

# Drum



would be proud to be associated with what his company and foundation have become. The premiere erotic video release by Renegade Studios has hit the streets and it's wild!

*The Wild Ones* is well worth the time and money to see what the Tom of Finland Company's Durk Dehner (gotta love the name) could write and direct. As you might expect, Durk is the proud daddy of this project and claims "The Wild Ones is a departure from the standard fare of most erotic videos and contains a more positive, powerful image of gay men together and the bonds that bind them. We believe we have also initiated a more positive, sexy attitude towards condom usage. Moreover, we refused to maintain the standard, flat sounds of 'muzak' soundtracks, opting instead for the fresh, stimulating sounds of local alternative band Drance."

I am always reticent to give a review that is too good, (I hate being held accountable by readers with different tastes and opinions). However, *The Wild Ones* made my dick hard and kept me from taking notes about it because I was jerking off and inserting things in every available orifice I had.

The video opens with some safer sex information being discussed between Durk and some humpy, young number. Their approach is matter of fact and they use it as the launching point into what taking precautions will allow them to do sexually.

The first vignette features well-

known professional bodybuilder, Bull Stanton, and another former *Drummer* coverman (issue #163) Blue Blake as nasty mechanics. Stanton, the master mechanic, is jealous of his lover Blake's attention to some needy customers. Passion wins out over good business sense and customer service as Stanton yanks Blake into the shop, shuts

the doors and proclaims the garage will be closed while they take a little break. If you saw them in Hot House Entertainment's video release *Special Handling*, you'll remember that these two muscle studs are true pigs and they do a good job of expressing themselves in *The Wild Ones*.

Produced by Durk Dehner, Levvy Carriker, Marco Studio, *The Wild Ones* also stars Zak Spears, Wolff, Michael Brown, Max Stone, Marc Saher, Steve Gibson and many newcomers doing everything from foot fun, verbal abuse, rimming, ball fucking, master/slave scenes and even an orgy at the LA Eagle.

## PRUDERY KILLS

In the age of AIDS, prudery and ignorance kills more people than we can afford to lose. Every life lost to AIDS and other terminal illnesses de-



YOU WILL ENJOY THE CUM SHOT WHICH HAPPENS NEXT IN THE WILD ONES

pletes the cumulative wealth of knowledge and experience which needs to be passed on to younger generations.

In *Leathersex: A Guide for the Curious Outsider and the Serious Player* renowned author, lecturer, and player Joseph Bean, the former editor of *Drummer*

magazine, does everything he can to fight back through guidance and understanding. Bean explores different styles of leathersex including SM, bondage, dominance, submission, fantasy, role playing, sensual physical stimulation, and fetish. No matter what the erotic topic, Bean gives an overview, discusses the ways to enjoy it, and considers the health risks to all players.

This book is truly a must for the novice and experienced leathersex player alike. It is easy reading which



ZAK SPEARS' TEMPTING OFFER WOULD'VE BEEN SWALLOWED HOOK, LINE & SINKER WERE I THE STUD ON MY KNEES



THE WILD STANTON & BLAKE (KNEELING) TAKE A BREAK FOR A SWEET PHOTO OP

# Media





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DON'T KNOW IF THEY ARE TWINS OR JUST LOOK IDENTICAL EITHER WAY THIS IS FALCON'S HAL (OR VINCE) ROCKLAND [ I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THEM DO EACH OTHER ]



JUST TWO OF THE SMOOTH MUSCLE BOYS FROM BY INVITATION ONLY

What I did read was a well-written book about how thousands of men and women are creating a community centered around their erotic orientations and preferences. Dominguez does an excellent job of addressing the practical, political and spiritual issues of a dynamic community while not ignoring the struggles and politics intrinsic to social development. To give you a better idea of what is discussed in *Beneath The Skins*, here are

some chapter titles: "Kink As Orientation," "Leatherphobia," "Butcher I than Thou," and "Soul Retrieval."

## PIERCE ME BABY

The Gauntlet, Inc., has long been recognized as the definitive experts in the field of piercing. Their latest video release *Pierce with a Pro, Part 2: Unisex & Female Piercings*, is an excellent professional quality tape. The viewer sees 13 body piercings (some of which reconfirmed my preference of the male genitalia) and is given a thorough understanding of all the steps involved in the piercing, regardless of the perspective



DRUMMER'S FORMER COVER MAN, BRAD HUNT, IS MAKING HIS PORN PRESENCE FELT SINCE HE APPEARED IN OUR ISSUE #172 (SEE PAGE 16 FOR A PICTURE OF BRAD WITH BODY HAIR) INSET: BRAD HUNT, HAL ROCKLAND AND SCOTT BALDWIN (L TO R) IN FLASHPOINT

The 13 piercings include:

- \* earlobe
- \* labia
- \* tongue
- \* septum
- \* clitoris
- \* navel
- \* labret
- \* nostril
- \* clithood
- \* nipple
- \* eyebrow

Whether the viewer is a professional piercer, a trainee or someone who wants to be pierced, *Pierce with a Pro, Part 2* gives a detailed account of each step in the piercing process: the jewelry, products, and implements used, the step-by-step procedure, the aftercare. And while I haven't seen *Pierce with a Pro, Part 1*, I have been told that this new video is a far better representation of the professional art of piercing.

## AD BOYS GO TO MY ROOM!"

In *By Invitation Only*, Falcon Studios introduces their latest muscle-cock twins, Hal and Vince Rockland. If you like hung, uncut, pretty in a masculine way and smooth, then you won't be able to stop coveting the oral and anal abuse these guys can deliver.

Shot on location in one of Northern California's rustic bed and breakfast inn, *By Invitation Only* is filled



YOU DON'T SEE ANY DICK IN PIERCE WITH A PRO, PART 2, BUT YOU DO SEE A THOROUGH DOCUMENTARY ON OTHER PIERCINGS.



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**The Wild Ones**, \$69.95 plus shipping and handling (\$5 within the U.S.; Canada; European orders also include \$8 US currency). Toll-free 1-800-3-1111 (Canada 1-800-3-1111) or 1-415-666-1010. A subsidiary of Finland Company, P.O. Box 10, Los Angeles, CA 90009.

**Leathersex: A Guide for the Curious, the Slider and the Serious Player** by Ivan Dean, \$14.95 plus shipping and handling.

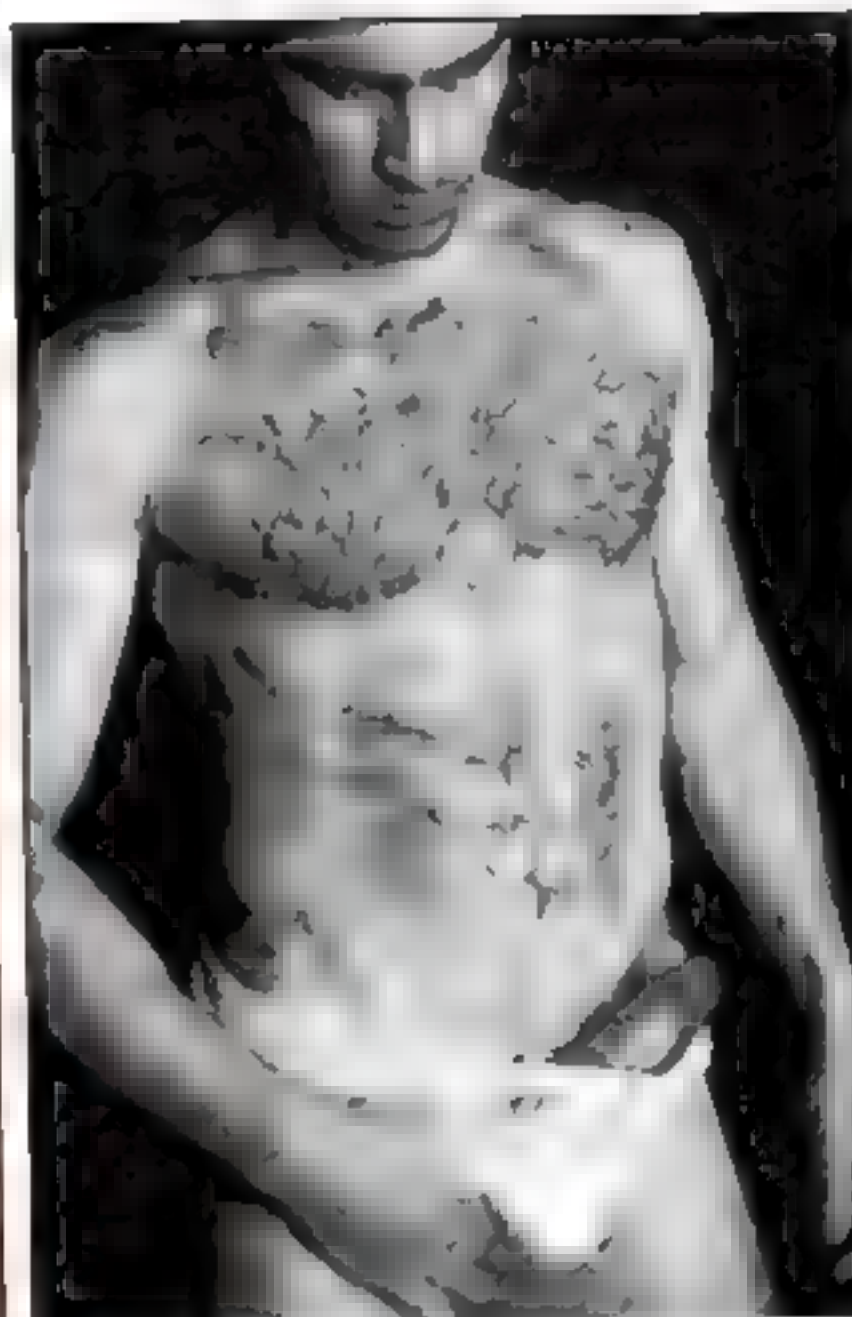
**Beneath The Skins: The New Spirit and Politics of the Kink Community** by Ivo Deen, \$12.95 plus shipping and handling.

Published by Dardano Publishing Company, 301 California Street, Suite 318, San Francisco, CA 94111.

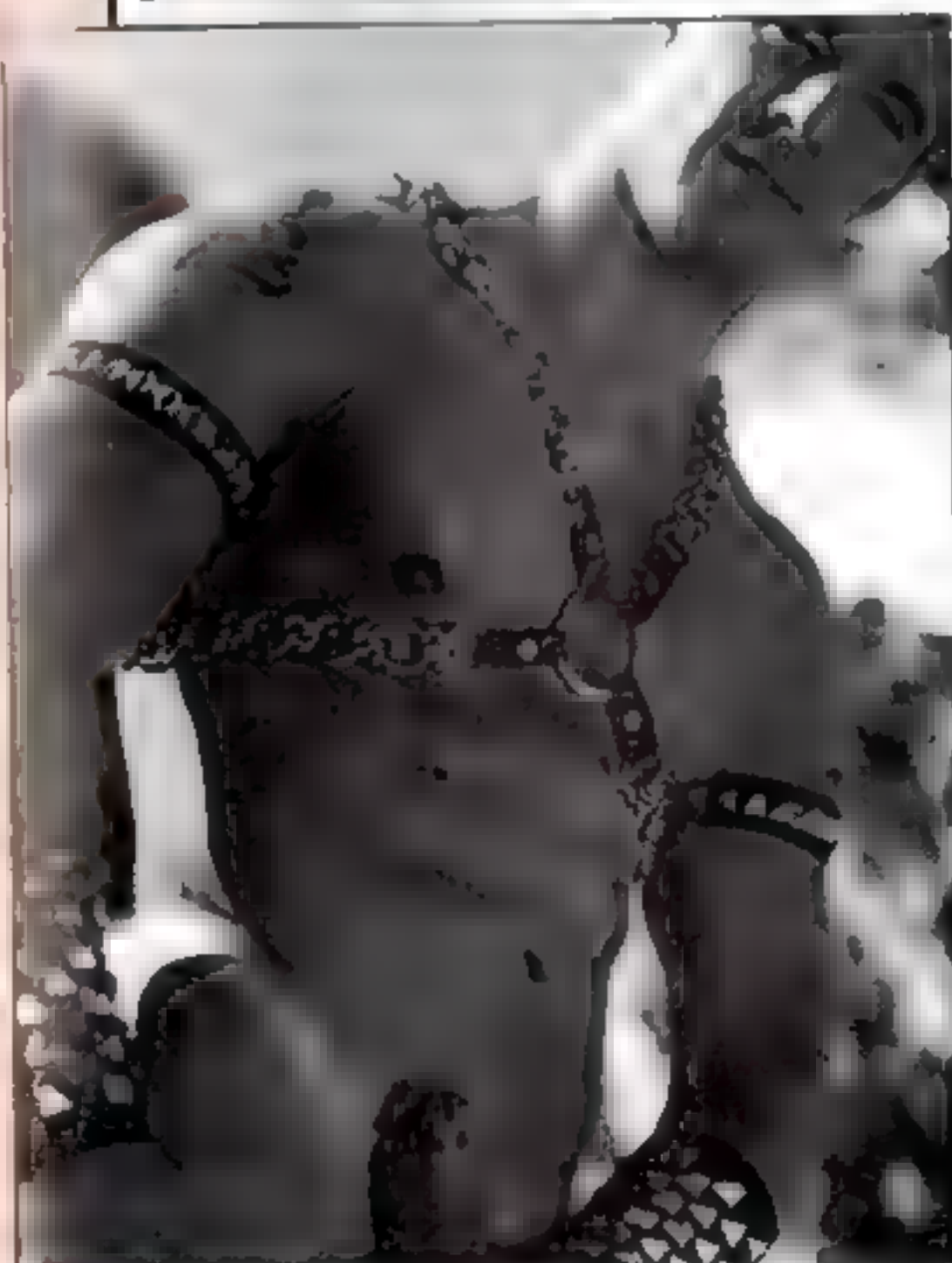
**Pierce with a Pro, Part 2** may be purchased for \$49.95 at a Gauntlet's retail store or through Gauntlet Mail Order. For information, call RINGS-2-Us in California (415) 252-1401.

**By Invitation Only** and **Flashpoint** are available through Video Studios, P.O. Box 40000, San Francisco, CA 94110. For information call (800) 3-1111 Monday through Friday 8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Pacific Time. In California call (415) 431-7722.

California residents must add 8.25 percent sales tax to all mail order items from within the state.



BRAD HUNT AS HE FIRST APPEARED IN DRUMMER #172. NOW YOU CAN SEE HIM IN ME IN FANTASY BY SEEING THIS HUNK IN ONE MAN'S POISON, BY INVITATION ONLY AND FLASHPOINT YUMMY!



WHILE I HAVE SEEN EVERY PHOTO OF TRENT REED THAT DRUMMER USED IN ISSUES 171 & 176 (LIKE THIS ONE), IT WAS HIS COCK I RECOGNIZED IN FALCON'S FLASHPOINT

with the mystery and intrigue of unanswered questions and hidden desires. A dozen handsome men are brought together in this B & B by a mysterious host and left wondering if this is some marketing scam. Wonder turns to exploration for Hunter Scott as he plays in fascination with one of the Rockland boy's foreskin. Their fuck scene is fun if not a little uncomfortable.

Still, throughout their first dinner together, the guests aren't sure what to expect from their elusive host. Finally, Cort Stevens is taken all by himself to meet the host, who at first sits in the darkness and fondles his serpent-headed walking cane when he isn't using it as a prod to paw at Stevens.

Then imagine if you will, an eight-way orgy in the B&B's fine dining room. The cast includes Matt Gunther, Brandon West, Dino Phillips, Doug Perry, Scott Russell, Brad Hunt, Chad Donovan, Scott Wilder and David Logan.

**Flashpoint**, Falcon's steamiest kink video yet, explores all kinds of fun including sex in a public restroom, the open back seat of an old convertible in the middle of the desert, and a roadside biker bar.

One of the more memorable scenes is where dull-witted Scott Baldwin is woken by the hot sounds of heavy sex coming from the other side of his hotel wall. For some reason it brought back memories of when I was a kid and my family would travel cross country. What I wouldn't do to peek at the naked bodies or listen to the private sounds of strangers.

One of the most unique scenes involves a road race between our very own Trent Reed (*Drummer* #171 and #176) and some always helmeted motorcyclist, Bryce Colby. I've always enjoyed looking at Trent's finer assets (like his beautiful big cock), but in *Flashpoint* I saw another side of him that will only fuel my fantasies and make my mouth and butt drool with anticipation. You should see what Trent has Bryce do with an orange safety cone!

Other stars include Hal Rockland and Brad Hunt. ■



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## LEATHER

Article and photos  
by Rich Grzesiak

In the opening scenes of the motion picture, *Die Hard*, movie macho, Bruce Willis, arrives at LAX and gets his first kamikaze taste of California Culture: a buxom blonde tackles her boyfriend, her legs pinning his crotch in a sexy form of jujitsu as she covers him with kisses. (You'll see another

side of leather, L.A. and Bruce Willis in the recent kinky film, *Pulp Fiction*.) It's a sight you get used to in Los Angeles, a city the locals have nicknamed "Horny West," with their usual

form of gallows humor.

When I first moved to L.A., I had more sex in six weeks than I experienced in my prior six years. No brag. It's just the local way of saying hell.

per form of commerce in Los Angeles—more porn videos are leased here than many other American cities (it's a fact not Madonnas used to

live in West Hollywood). With unemployment at 10 percent, fun and avoidable, like the Southern California (40 percent) lost in the Bush recession (disap-

peared in L.A. county), it's no accident a fair number of male youth have worked here in some aspect of the skin trade to make a quick buck.

The stereotyped Southern Californian is tanned, fit and fertile—unsurprising, considering that the motion picture business—"The Business"—domi-

nates the local economy. As a result, on any given day, my guess is there are more handsome, sexually available, homosexual men roaming the streets of Los Angeles than any other city across this country.

L.A. prides itself on its differences and that quality filters down to the local leather subculture. It is kinkier, wilder, quicker, easier, more high-tech, and fashionable than most any other community. What other location offers massage schools billed as an "Institute of Psychostructural Balancing" without batting an eyelash? What other town would feature more column inches for Modeling/Massage ads in its two main gay papers' advertisements than any other type of business? Just when you think you've finally defined L.A., it shakes and rattles and burns your eyes with a new look.

This feature provides a personal view of the gay leather scene, but it doesn't purport to be all encompassing or even authoritative. When you're trying to describe one of the largest cities in the world (480 net square miles), it is hard to be concise, let alone objective. What I will try to provide are basic signposts of a city that moves so fast, it's changing as you read these words.

If you're visiting Los Angeles, it is critical to have access to a car. Why? The public transportation system here is still in its infancy compared to the other great cities of the world. That's important because, unlike other major cities, L.A. really has no real city center—it is more spread out (like a cartwheel) than any other urban area.

So, too, are the bars. While some claim Silverlake as the only part of L.A. for the "real leather scene," others quickly realize there can really be no center for a city so rich and diverse. Areas like West Hollywood, Long

Beach, Burbank and the like boast their own slice of the leather world as well. Bar hopping in most leather communities is done by foot. Not here. "Automotive bar hopping" is the only way to check out the scene.

Remember...just as there is no center to L.A., you'll find leather establishments from The Valley to The Beach—across the "basin" to the mountains.

## SILVERLAKE

Let's start with the Silverlake area. This is an area popular with many gays in their thirties and forties; it appeals to anyone who wants to be an urban cowboy. There are more than several bars, businesses and sex clubs of interest to leathermen.

One of the main bars here is the **FAULTLINE**. Formerly known as *Griff's*, the Faultline reopened in early 1994. With a good sized bar and comfortable outdoor patio, it is one of the most popular local watering holes, with its own, small parking lot, an impressive video and music sound system, plus a leather shop called **WAYNE'S LEATHERACK**, who also just opened a second shop in West Hollywood. The Faultline is open every night except Tuesdays. The after-hours bar becomes "Aftershock" on weekends from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. On Saturday evenings, their advertising slogan, "*Leather Ethic Observed*," is strongly emphasized. If you don't understand the inference, it means there is a leather dresscode. The owner, Sean Farnsworth, wants his bar to be a community center and he periodically offers the patio as a performance space for local artists and musicians.

Another excellent and very popular bar is the **GAUNTLET II**, a place where everyone goes to be seen—and to see. It's one of the social centers of



THE EAGLE IN  
WEST HOLLYWOOD



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OF LOS ANGELES



THE PATIO AT THE  
FAULTLINE



the Silverlake leather culture. Sunday beer busts have been popular for a long time now.

**CUFFS** is small, dark, very cruisy, and in the words of one patron, "The bar that time forgot." Another friend's claim about this hot and sleazy bar is, "If I had to go to just one leather bar in Los Angeles where I really wanted to score, that would be Cuffs."

The **DETOUR** has been in the same location for years and has always been a favorite stop-off point when traveling (that's bar hopping for the locals) from Silverlake to West Hollywood. A very leather-friendly watering hole, the Detour has a large bar with pool tables and is always occupied with some very sexy men.

There are a few popular sex clubs in Silverlake, starting with the **KING OF HEARTS** and **BASIC PLUMBING**. Both offer reasonably priced memberships and are conveniently located. If you are into water sports, then King of Hearts is the set-up for you. Probably the most popular sex club with the leather crowd is **NIGHT HAWK**. They are located near the Gauntlet II which means many of the hot and horny men at the bar are trekking over to this sex club. If after-hours action is your passion, you won't be disappointed.

I must also mention **VIDEOACTIVE**, a local video store that is gay-owned and leather-friendly. It is one of the few video stores in L.A. who offer many of the hard-to-find leather/Levi/SM videos for rental.

## WEST HOLLYWOOD

There are three main leather bars in West Hollywood: The **EAGLE**, the **SPIKE**, and the newly opened **7702 SM CLUB**. The Eagle is very popular and frequently crowded on weekends. Their motto is: "West Hollywood's ONLY leather cruise bar"—a claim some would debate. Inside the bar is **BLACK EAGLE LEATHER** where you will find a vast assortment of leather goods and wear. If you need help finding anything, or creating something new, different or special, ask for Dimitrios. The Spike has its own faithful clientele. They boast having the hottest looking bartenders in the area and brag about being "a step towards the edge...and beyond." You will have to go by and make your own evaluation, but be sure to look up "Iron Mike" Pereyra to serve you at least one cocktail! The 7702 SM Club advertises itself as a club "for men who know what they're after and where to find it."

One of the world's largest and most successful leather/sex emporiums is

**THE PLEASURE CHEST**. For over two decades they have supplied most kinky and sexually active people with every conceivable toy, attachment, appliance, and piece of erotica known in the L.A. area and across the country. If you are visiting anywhere close to West Hollywood, this is definitely one place to stop in, whether it be because you are without that favorite leather item or just to browse. They are truly "Specialists in Erotica."

**WAYNE'S LEATHERACK** just opened a second location in the West Hollywood area. Similar to their set-up at the Faultline, they offer leather clothing, toys, and most of the SM oriented items one has come accustomed to finding in a quality leather shop. They provide custom leather fittings at both locations and are open Wednesdays through Sundays from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.

For the latest in piercing and the jewelry to match, go to the **GAUNTLET, INC.**, located on Santa Monica Boulevard. Everyone from young punks to leathermen to movie celebrities have frequented this store, so says manager, Scott. Their professionalism and expertise is unsurpassed given that most of their Master Piercers have been trained by the definitive authority, Jim Ward.

Having grown over the past two decades, **DRAKE'S** has become a popular purveyor of hot, gay male videos as well as an assortment of toys. With two locations (the other is in the Wilshire/West Los Angeles area) you are certain to find whatever (or whom-ever) you desire. Drake's have been known to make donations to local AIDS charities from their sales, so there's an added reason to stop in at one of their locations.

**A DIFFERENT LIGHT** book store is right in the middle of West Hollywood. There you will find a vast selection of leather/SM/fetish-related magazines (including *Drummer*), books, and videos. Be sure to stop into their shop.

## WILSHIRE DISTRICT

Moving to the mid-Wilshire district, which is due south of West Hollywood, we find one of the hottest private, SM/sex clubs in Los Angeles, **EXPLODE**. Their claim—"Explode is not for the timid, weak, or shy." If fisting is an interest—or any other kind of major kink, for that matter—you definitely should visit here. Where else could you find a tailoring shop, a maze, patio, a tower, bondage tables, rooms with slings, a lounge, full WS facilities, and

the "best lit sex club in Los Angeles" (per the manager)? The video, *Handball Express*, was shot here. The "au courant" (upper crust) crowd of leatherfolk frequently visit here. I would steer clear of Explode if one is really out of shape, not into extreme kink, or just uncomfortable with this type of scene. (This obviously doesn't apply to you!)

## THE VALLEY

The San Fernando Valley makes claim to any number of gay bars. The **BULLET** is a very popular leather bar, especially on weekends, and has a very cozy outdoor patio. Its happy hour attracts an interesting neighborhood crowd and alcohol is reasonably priced.

If video rental or purchase is what you are looking for in The Valley, **TWISTED VIDEO** is the place for you. Specializing in gay male, erotic videos, they claim over 4000 nasty, kinky films in stock. They will tell anyone that they "have what you want but you have to come and get it."

## LONG BEACH

Just about a one hour drive by freeway from the West Hollywood area is Long Beach, one of the largest cities in California and is another oasis of leather bars. There is more of an ethnic mix in Long Beach than you will encounter in other parts of L.A. This fact is either an enduring part of its charm or the bane of its existence, depending on your point of view.

**BULLDOGS**, **MINESHAFT** and **WOLF'S** all claim their own following and loyalties and will appeal to different aspects of your interest in the leather scene. Wolf's caters to leathermen, the masculine bear type, as well as hirsute bikers. If you are seriously into the leather lifestyle and living in Long Beach, you will eventually end up at Wolf's. Another two bars, Bulldogs and Mineshaft, are also conducive to the leather minded man. Masculinity oozes at all three locations, especially during the weekends.



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## EVENTS OF INTEREST

Coming up in January, 1995, will be Leathertest Los Angeles occurring over the weekend of January 27 through 29. For the full low-down on where, when and what, call (213) 960-5774 and they will give you all the details.

On January 28th will be the Southern California Masters and Slaves contest. Information may be obtained by calling Bullock Leather and Accessories at (213) 665-5343.

## COMPUTER BULLETIN BOARDS

L.A. is a huge metropolis where you could literally spend days driving around in search of a good time. It is also an urban area that prides itself on being on the cutting edge of all the latest fads, fashions, cults, and technologies. The joke here is that you have to ask your sex partner to remove their beeper if you truly want their undivided attention—or "vibrate mode"!

So it's no accident that here gay men are connecting through the information superhighway of computer bulletin boards to meet and discuss their fraternal needs.

If you have a modem, there are four basic boards in Los Angeles that are famous for their connectivity.

One of the best, in my opinion, is a board known simply as *SM Board*. It advertises regularly in *Drummer* and you can access it at 2400 baud by dialing (818) 508-6796. The password for new subscribers is **WALDEN**.

*SM Board* is totally dedicated to the leather scene and boasts more subscribers whose main interest is leather/SM than any other in Los Angeles. In fact, a hefty chunk of its subscribers call from outside the L.A. area. It is not uncommon to find folks logging in from Tokyo to Guam, from London to Amsterdam on this particular board.

This is a multi-line, subscriber supported, bulletin board with reasonable rates. It has sub-boards covering such fetishes as fisting, bondage, body building, as well as anonymous listings. It also has an extensive collection of downloadable GIF images (depending on which state you live). Its Oracomm software is easy to use. Once a month, on the first Wednesday, L.A. area subscribers gather at the Bullet in North Hollywood from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. Professionally and ethically managed, this BBS comes highly recommended.

Several other local boards have "kink" or "leather" sub-boards that are of interest. They are *Delorat* (310) 204-0966 and *The Board With No Name* at (310) 841-6995. Both are very popular with gay men. Another recently started BBS is called *Wildside*, which may be accessed at (213) 461-9899.

See you in cyberspace!

## FRATERNAL CLUBS

Our Los Angeles coverage would be less than complete if we failed to mention the excellent educational programs put on each month by **AVATAR** and **OCLA** (the Orange County Leather Association). These clubs do a lot to bring out and give support to guys who find they are turned on by leather/SM/fetish matters. These two clubs endeavor to train individuals on how to play safely and consensually.

Both organizations offer play parties and educational programs. If you are visiting L.A., you will need to know someone who is already a member for an invitation to any of their private parties, yet, as a general rule, their educational sessions are available to the public at a very reasonable rate.

There is a considerable feeling of "fraternity" among Avatar members. They have some functions (e.g. camps, outs, beach parties, trips to the Renaissance Faire, etc.) strictly for themselves. They also act as a support group when a member is sick or has other problems.

Avatar generally meets the fourth Wednesday of each month except for October through December, when it meets on the second Wednesday. Meetings happen at 11513 Burbank Boulevard in North Hollywood, three blocks east of the Hollywood Freeway (Route 170). Doors open for events starting at 8:15 p.m. More information may be obtained from the Avatar information line at (818) 563-4626.

Recent Avatar lectures have focused on verbal abuse, uniforms, and electrocution, while their August "Exploratorium" provided a fascinating series of live sex demos.

OCLA is run by Brian Dawson, International Mr. Drummer 1989, and the program chair for Avatar. OCLA runs much the same as Avatar, except for being more open to diverse sexualities. There are some lesbian and heterosexual participants as well as the majority of gay men. Brian does an outstanding job with the club and there is a good turn-out for their programs. There were over 100 attendees for their recent waxing demo.

OCLA conducted an educational SM weekend in Palm Springs called a "SM Sampler" where 15 experts of different types of SM play were available for one-on-one appointments. It was a closed function, intended for people who regularly attend and/or train at OCLA programs, but "outsiders" could go if they understood the educational purpose of the weekend and were sponsored by an OCLA member.

If you are interested in more information on the OCLA program or future Palm Springs weekend sessions, call (714) 554-3866. ■



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## BOOTS: WALKING, SHINING, LICKING

### ROUGH STUFF

By Jack Rinella  
Photos by Target Studios

From the earliest days of our leather culture, boots have been one of the most basic and necessary elements of the leatherman's wardrobe. Even the most elementary of dress codes requires them as the foundation of dressing right. Any member of "old school leather" will tell you required dress was boots and jacket or boots and pants—but always boots.

Even in today's leather S/M culture, without more casual dress shoes and white sneakers are best left at home. When you do see them in a leather bar, you can safely assume that the guy wearing them is just visiting.

There are two basic looks in boot wear: the brisk, high-gloss shine of the military type—a masterful clean look of superiority, and the dress-down appeal of rugged, dull, and hard-used work boots. Each style calls forth a spirit of its own, whether top of the line, sharply clean or rugged and dirty.

But what about the techniques of boot care? How do you maintain, keep them, and play with them?

For some answers, I spoke with an experienced consultant named Harry Shattuck, founder of the International Boot Black Contest (see sidebar, pg. 14). He aspires as a "licker" in Chicago's leather world and is a boot black extraordinaire. Whether the subject is clean boots or hot sex, Harry will tell you that being served by a boot black is certainly the way to go.

**Jack Rinella:** Harry, how does a boot black shine boots? What are some

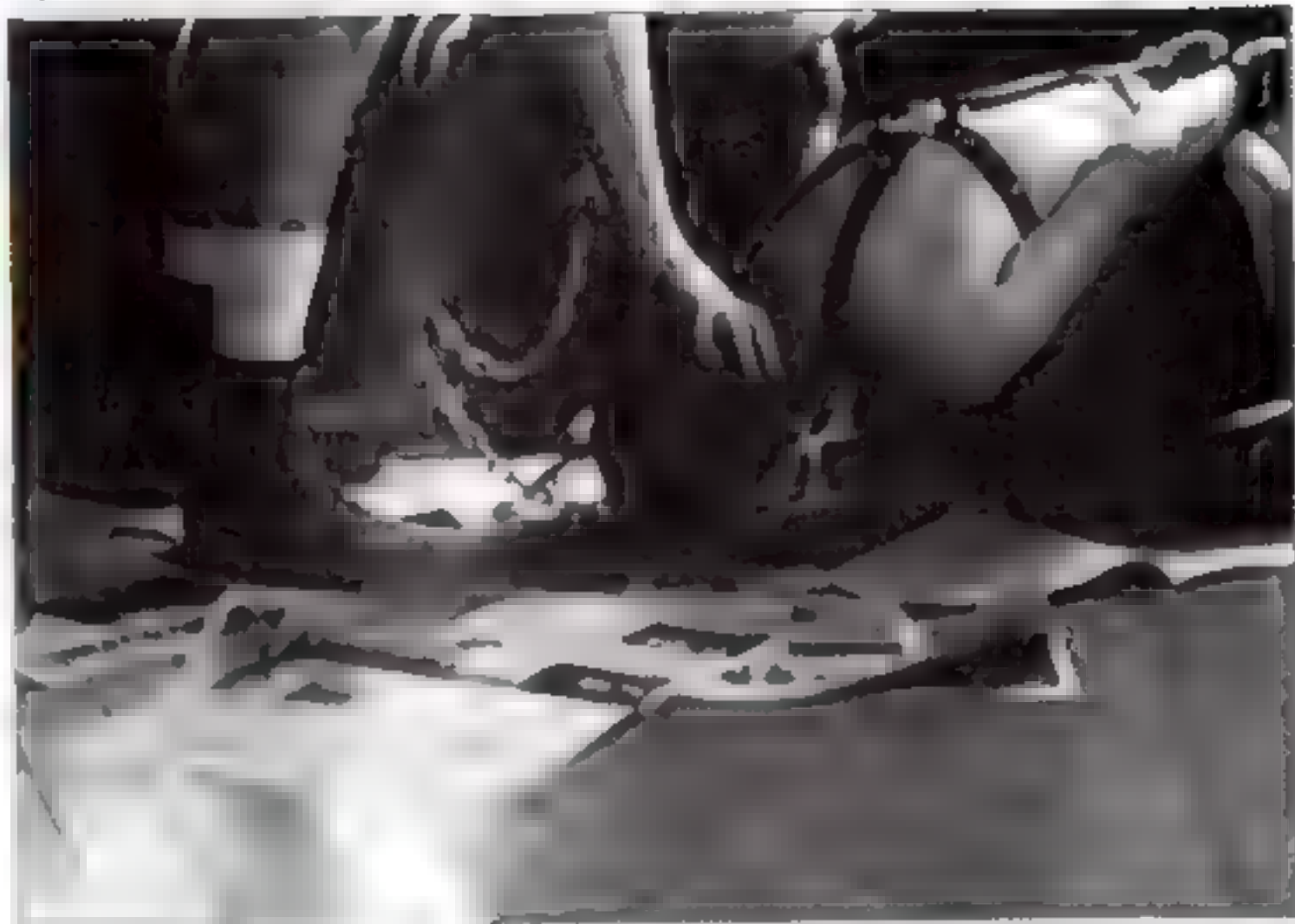


Photo by Jim Moss

of the things that he should keep in mind?

**Harry Shattuck:** Well, the first thing a boot black has to keep in mind is his attention to the leather itself and the preservation of that leather. Of course, he has to remember what the customer wants as well. He's got to know what kind of shine they would like.

You mentioned two different looks that boots may have: the brisk, well-polished military look and the more casual, dull, even rammy look.

Some guys are into the high polish and military look. They wear their boots as part of a uniform. They want every part of their uniform done perfectly so that they look authentic and at their best.

Others are into a scene with a boot black for boot-licking or some other kind of service. Part of their exchange is that the licker gets the taste and the smell of the polished boot when he is done—both enjoy that.

When you're shining someone's

boots, you want to do your best in order to please the man who is sitting in front of you as well as wanting the boots to come out looking really good.

**JR:** What are the steps in shining boots?

**HS:** If it's a highly polished boot—one with a shiny gloss—first clean the boot with a rag or a brush. If they're really dirty you can take saddle soap and water and work it up into a lather, then wipe it off.

After you get both boots clean, you want to build up a protective layer of saddle soap. Once you put on the soap, buff with a brush and make sure you remove any excess soap that clings in the edges or the crevices where the leather is sewn or overlaps. You want to get the soap out so there will be no caking and the lines of the boot are clean.

When the boots dry, apply the polish. If you're traditional, you do it with your hands. Between the soles and the uppers you should use a small brush to get the wax into the crevices so that the leather has a uniform color. When you do the buffing after that, don't brush inside the cracks. It isn't necessary.

Lastly, give each boot a high-gloss workover.

**JR:** With a brush or a cloth?

**HS:** With a cloth. A brush gives you somewhat of a shine, but to get an inspection-passing glow, use a soft buffing cloth. Some people like to take a mouthful of water and blow it on the boot as they buff.

For a spit shine, once the wax has been applied, you buff and add a little





# International Boot Black

bit of saliva. This gives a higher gloss, which is what spit shining is all about. Military spit shines take a heck of a lot longer with attention to a lot more detail in shining the high gloss areas. The old fashioned way, of course, is to use cotton balls and rub them on the boot in small circles. It literally takes hours to shine a boot that way.

In less time, a boot black will give you pretty much the same, as far as you can see. A military inspector would demand more, but to the casual eye it will look fine.

I get a high gloss with a clean buffing rag on a pair of boots.

**JR:** What kind of rags do you use?

**HS:** I get them at shoe repair shops. If you really want an excellent job, that's the place to buy your supplies. Get a cloth about four inches wide and 10 to 12 inches long. A longer cloth gives you more time to come around the boot and build up some speed as your hand goes across it. As you move back and forth, it is the speed that gives the shine. If you go slower, the polish on the leather will streak and there will be lines on the boot.

**JR:** When does "boot blacking" turn into "boot fetish"?

**HS:** The primary objective of a boot black is to take care of the leather. Basically, give the owner what he wants but also keep in mind what should be done. Whether the situation becomes a scene depends on the head trip of the person who owns the boots.

That's the first part. The second part is the tradition that involves polish

on your hands, buffing rags, sweat—really getting into the love of leather. You need to demonstrate that you are into servicing those boots that you are obsessed with their boots. I believe several conditions can turn boot blacking into a "scene." It takes creating a

mood between you and the boot owner, then gaging his reactions. A lot depends on how you feel about those particular pair of boots and the man inside them. Don't forget your own "boot traditions" as well as your reputation.

There are guys who will automatically lick anyone's boots. There are those who only lick certain types of boots, those who only kiss the boots, or just sit on them. It depends on what the owner and the boot black are into regarding a scene. It's all about give and take.

As a top, if your boots are being



polished, be perceptive to the fantasy of being dominant, to sit and be served. Go with the flow. I have had guys put their other boot on my shoulder, in my face, grab my head and shove it into the boot. Go along, enjoy and continue creating the scene. Whatever trip is happening may postpone or slow down the boot shine, but try not to get entirely away from the boot blacking. However, if you do, it's obvious the boot black session is over and the sex session has begun.

I love the boots you're working on and reward the skin beneath them. When I do any kind of traditional shine on a boot, I'm going to use saddle soap. I'm going to rub it into every area of the boot and will move every bit of leather that I touch, making the leather more flexible. In doing so, I am also giving the person a massage through the boot—rewarding the skin. No matter how high the boot may go, continue your boot massage. I've had boots ex-

Since 1993, the International Mr. Leather Contest—held each Memorial Day Weekend in Chicago—has included the fulfillment of one of Harry Shattuck's dreams: a contest and naming of an annual International Boot Black.

Now entering its third contest year, boot blacks from around the country and the world polish away during the annual IML weekend. The contest is literally judged by those in attendance. There are no private chats between a select

panel of judges, no public exhibition of boot blacks' physiques or leather wear. Instead each boot black contestant does his best to shine as many boots as possible.

It's then up to the boots' owners to cast a ballot for that boy, by giving the boot black a ballot. The boot black who turns in the most ballots by the end of the three day weekend garners the title and the distinction for the year. These men do this at their own expense, born out of their commitment to serve. An occasional tip from a satisfied customer, however,

has always been appreciated.

The first boot black was chosen in 1993: Master Boot Black David Morgan from the Washington DC Eagle. This year's International Boot Black is William Shields, representing the Chicago leather community.

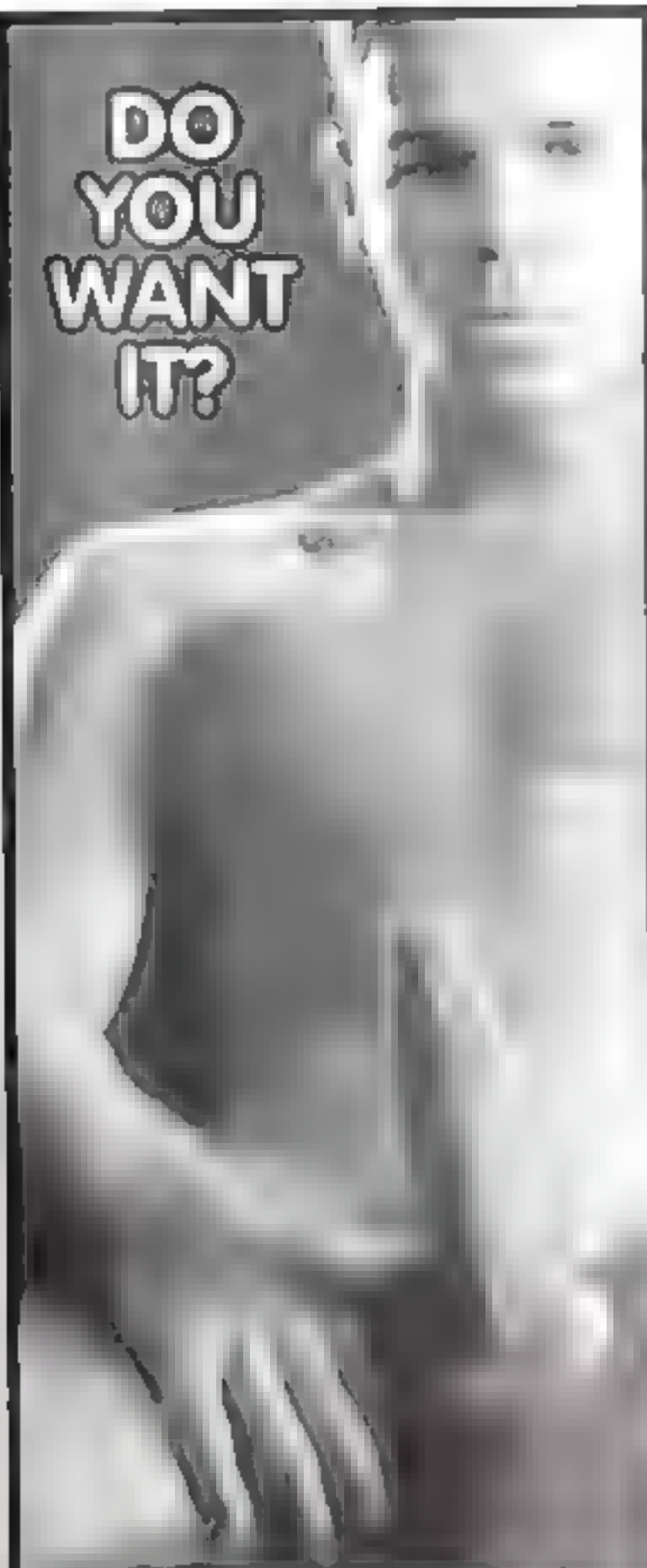
No doubt this coming year will attract even more qualified boot black contestants. As an interested spectator, I look forward to having my boots represent the image I desire—lovingly cared for by a dedicated group of men on their knees before me.

For more information regarding the International Boot Black competition, contact: Harry Shattuck, c/o International Mr. Leather, 5015 N. Clark Street, Chicago, IL 60640.





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tend and attach all the way at the waist line

Of course, I didn't have time to finish that boot. (Laughter.)

**JR:** The last time a boot black did my boots, he set the wax on fire before he applied it to the leather. Was that theatrics?

**HS:** That was, yes. There are two reasons for lighting wax. One reason is when you have three or four nearly empty cans of wax and you want to consolidate them. If you light the wax, the heat will melt it down and you'll have one piece to work with when you pour them together.

The other time that you light wax is when you get a lot of polish on a boot. You light the boot and quickly put it out. What that does is take all those lines and finger prints and instantly smooth the wax. What it also does is take out the moisture and make the wax harder. When you do it too often, though, you're liable to find that the wax is white instead of black.

**JR:** What can you tell me about taking care of boots when you're not wearing them?

**HS:** You must keep them from getting wet or staying wet. A clean and dry place is ideal for a pair of boots. Keep them out of the sun, since the sun will



dry them out and fade the color. Basically, keep them cool and dry.

If you get your boots wet, let them air-dry so that the water will evaporate naturally. The leather will harden, depending on how much they've been abused. All new leather is oiled. It starts out full of blood or hard as a rock—as in sole leather. To bring that leather back to life, I use Neat's Foot Oil. Once you oil it, move it with your hand to make it supple. If you run into a hard spot when you're rubbing, the oil and the massage will soften it.



A pair of boots that has a very high gloss—like a plastic finish—it can't be oiled through the finish. You have to oil it from the inside.

I've taken a pair of riding boots that sat in the closet for years. They were hard as nails. I took half a bottle of Neat's Foot Oil and rubbed it in. Don't worry about the boot becoming really greasy because the leather will actually suck the oil in like a sponge. Whatever the boot doesn't absorb, can be wiped off with a rag. It's not going to sit there and ooze the oil out. The leather will retain whatever oil it takes.

**JR:** What kind of wax do you recommend?

**HS:** I'm a traditionalist. I suppose Kiwi is the tradition. Look for a wax that is high in canoba. You can tell by its smell.

**JR:** What kind of service do you give the other kind of boot? The dirty raunchy kind.

**HS:** The kind you worship? (Smile) Those are the boots you wear out—to have a good time. It's the boot that everyone wears

all the time. Your shiny boots sit in the corner while the grungy boots do all the work.

Give them the same kind of saddle soap and Neat's Foot Oil treatment.

**JR:** Thanks, Harry.

Harry gave me a set of notes he prepared for a two-part boot blacking class. In reality, the last paragraph sums it all up: "The Scene. When all you can do is done, all that's left is the sex. Give their foot a massage while you do the treatment. Lick the boots. Make love to those boots." Amen. ■



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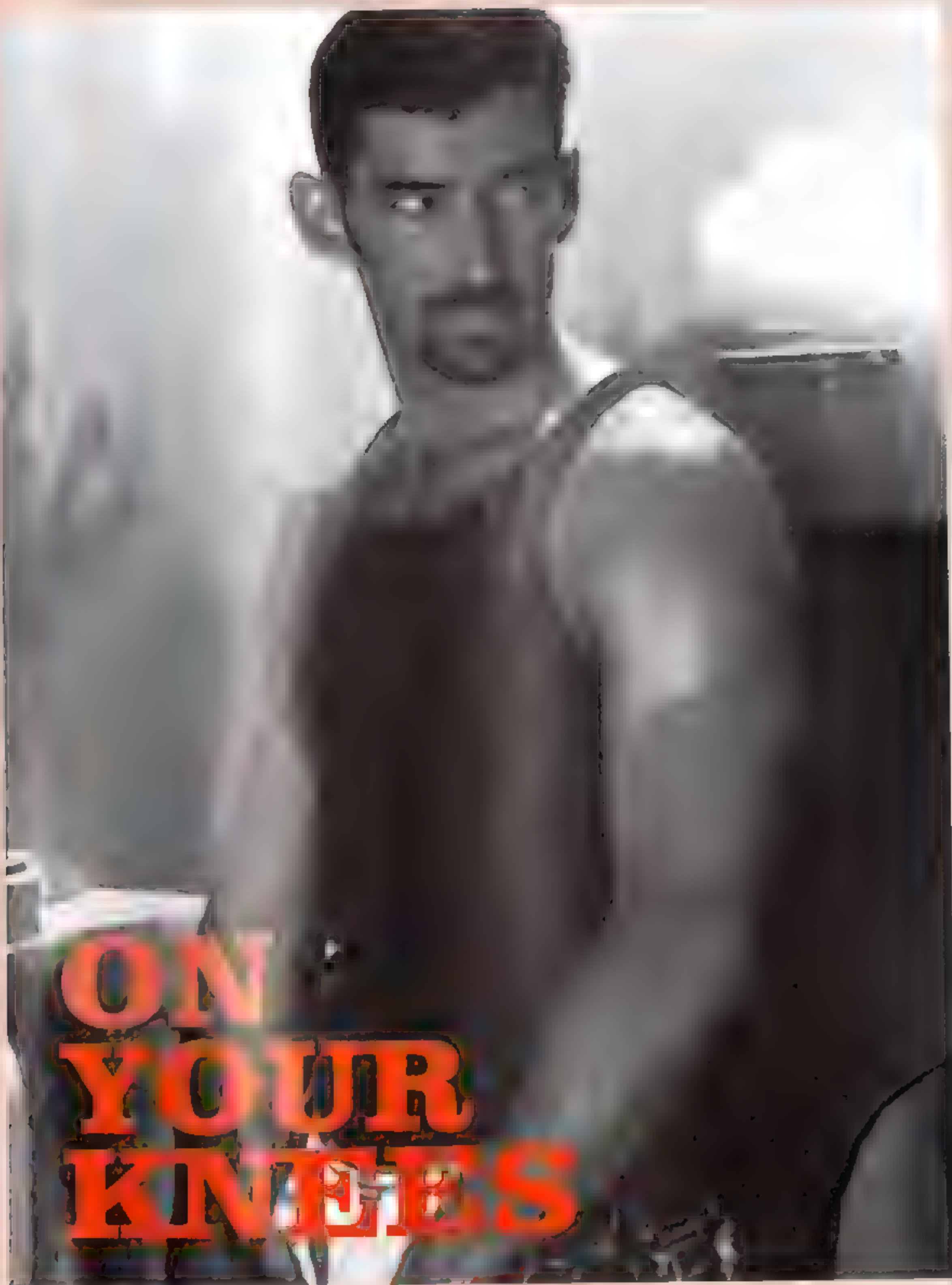
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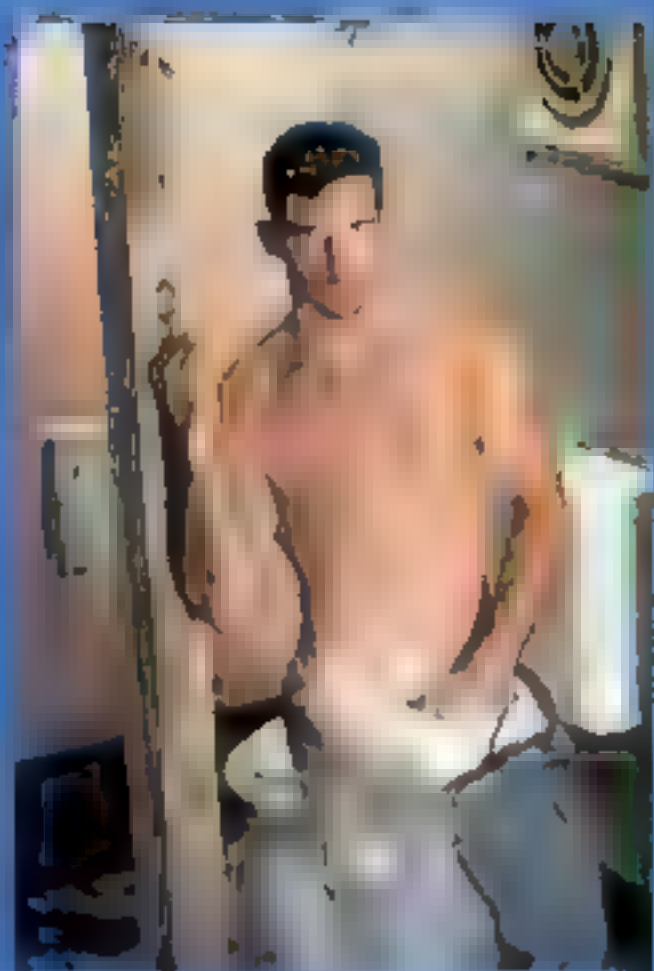


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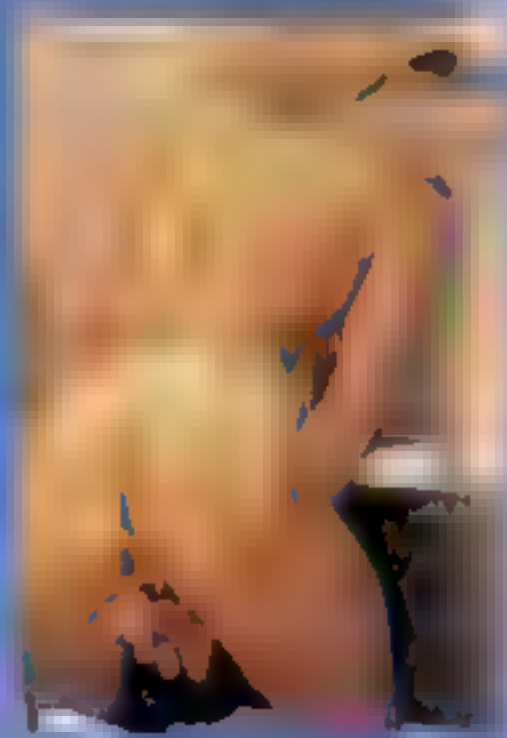
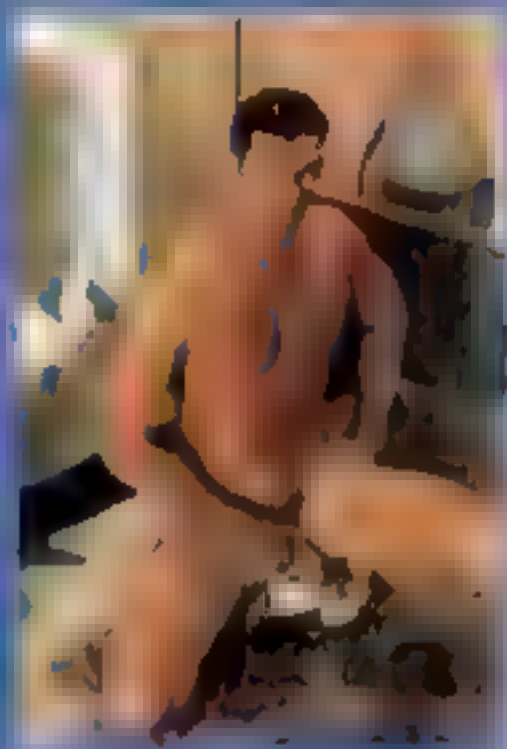
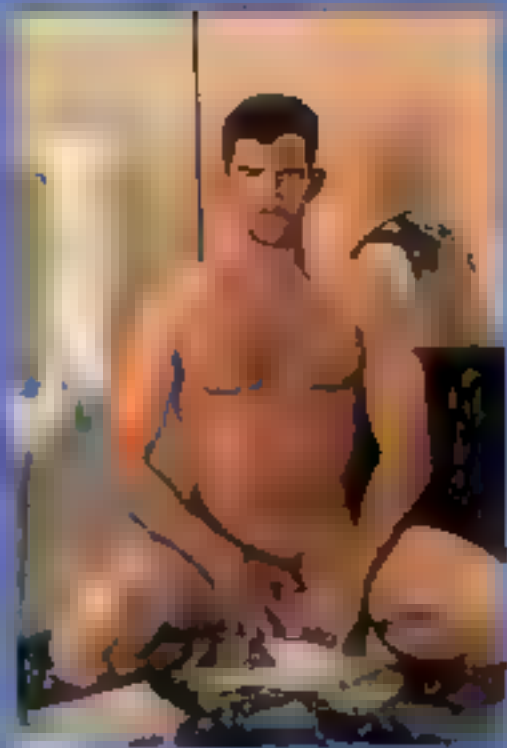




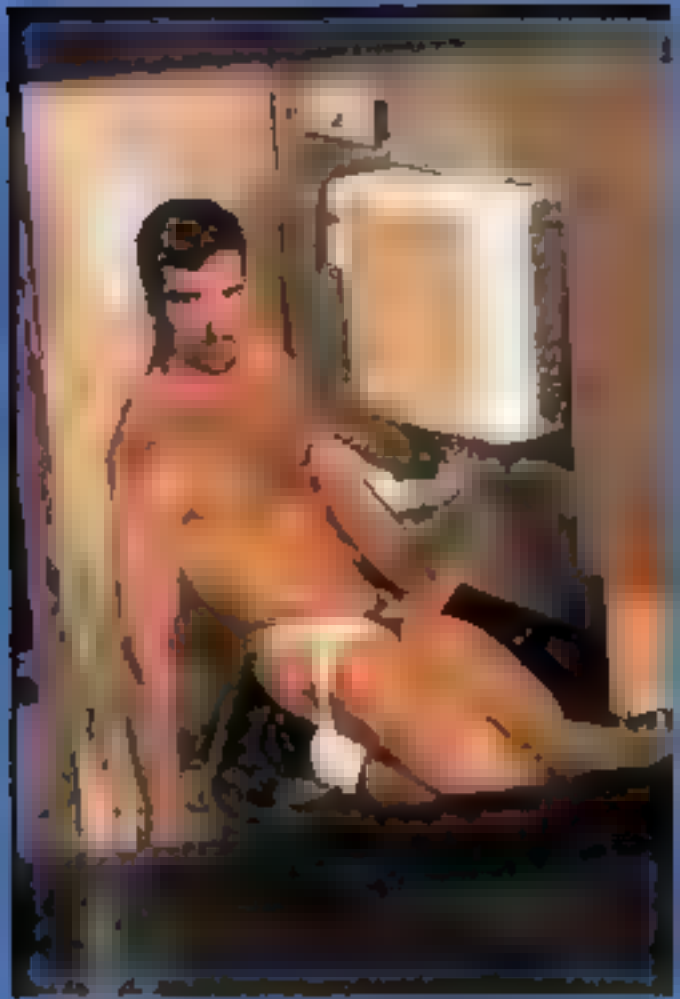


















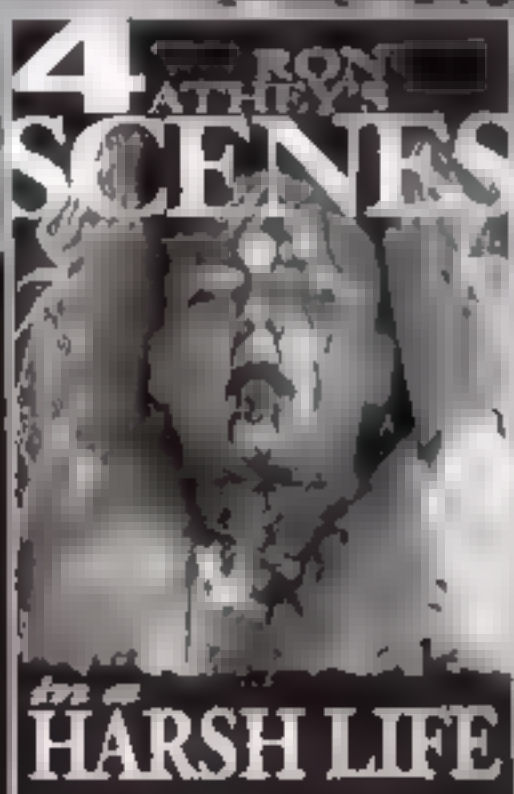
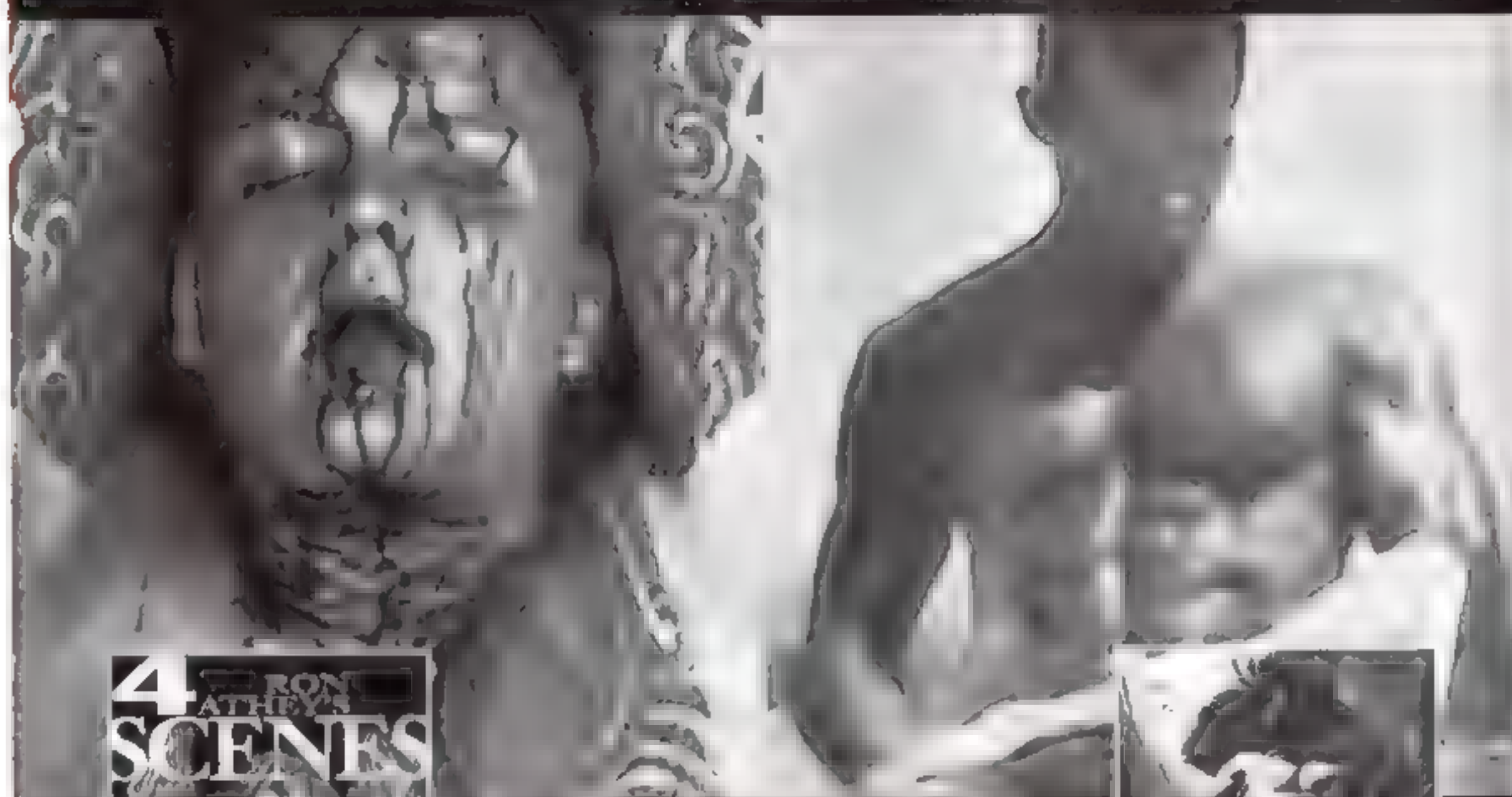








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# HARPER'S

# FAIRY



**R**est areas on the Interstate used to be things of beauty. They stank of piss and shit. The floors were slick with cum.

The walls were crammed with obscene poetry. You could slip your sweat-stinking, road-weary, throbbing fuck stick through a hole in the wall and get it sucked till you shot a week's worth down the slick, wet throat of some pussy-wimp, asshole cocksucker. Or, if you were of a mind to, you could bend over and nestle your preslicked fuck-chute against the splinter-fringed opening and get your queer ass plowed by a burning-hot, cum loaded shooting iron—thicker than your forearm and longer than your granddaddy's first-hand account of D-Day.

Nowadays, rest areas are inviting, well-lit, sanitary. Parents bring their kids into them. Attendants lurk in hidden storerooms full of cleansers and mops, blaring country music through the vents so you know they're there. You know they're itching for some gratin to scrub away. You can't even jack off in a place like that; scoring a trucker is next to impossible.

A pair of these monstrosities lurk on either side of I-94 just east of Menomonie. They look more like televangelists' cathedrals than rest areas. Their arched marble roofs and tall, mullioned windows bask in the glow of fluorescent tubes. Tiled floors and walls repel even the thought of jism. Against the burnished partitions between the stalls, penknives dull and felt tips wither.

Ordinarily as I pass these monuments to good hygiene, I nudge the gas pedal a little nearer to the floor, but this time, on impulse, I stopped. On my way home from Madison—where I grew up and my parents still live—to the Twin Cities, I began waxing horny for the years of raunchy, uninhibited reckless, gorgeous sex that would never come again. I thought I would spend a few moments to reflect upon the great tradition which had passed away on this site. Also, I had to take a dump.

The sun was just setting. As I stepped from the car, the mercury vapor lights buzzed, hummed, and cast a pinkish pall over the parking lot. The November wind was bitter.

Inside, the air was swirling with stinging currents of hot, dry air. There were two separate men's rooms—the locked one was a spare, kept in reserve so the attendant always had something to polish. I ambled into the other and chose the middle stall. Predictably, shat kicking country music was playing somewhere behind the tiled walls.

I took my dump staring at blank stainless steel. Only one fragment of graffiti etched into the glittering surface of the partition had not yet been buffed out: Go Twins '94.

Disheartened, I tucked away and buttoned up and made ready to go. But in the cavernous lobby I saw such a vision of masculinity that I became suddenly fascinated with the Wisconsin maps and tourist brochures that were posted opposite the pay phones.

He was the attendant I'd been wishing I could draw and quarter. The perfectionist asshole who kept the floors spotless and the partitions graffitiless and the men's room sexless. The shitwad dick face who scrubbed the grout with a toothbrush so that I couldn't read the phone number of the guy who'd been "hot for BJ" on 11-28-93.

According to the patch on his coveralls, his name was Harper. He was a head shorter than me, but packed—and I mean *packed*—with muscle. His ugly blue uniform bulged nearly to the point of splitting at his shoulders. The heavy twill fit his ass and thighs so snugly that I could see every fucking ripple as though he were buck naked. At his crotch a smooth mound of flesh stretched the fabric and promised great riches.

He was handsome in a classical, Calvin-Klein-print-ad sort of way: chiseled features, cleft chin, one cockeyed dimple. Brown hair, short on the top and sides, long and curly in the back.

I watched him mop the floor until I thought I had him memorized. I knew how his ass dimpled as he swung the mop to the side, how the muscles of his back stretched and flexed as he lifted it into the water, how his calves bulged... Shit, I knew it all. Once I was home, I would draw every pose, every angle, every shift. I would fill sketchbooks with him. I would put a cock on him the size of...

"Excuse me, sir." His words were courteous and respectful, but the throat-heavy rumble of his voice was edged with contempt. I nearly creamed in my pants.

I blinked at him until he must have thought I was the stupidest man on Earth. Then I realized that he wanted me to move so that he could mop where I was standing. I hopped aside.

"Must be a lot of work luggin' that mop around, huh?"

I he nodded.

"Do a pretty good job with it, though," I said. "Place is as clean as a whistle. Floors clean enough to eat off of."

He nodded.

"Not a hint of graffiti anywhere."

He nodded, glanced at me. Dunked the mop.

"Gives visitors an excellent impression of this fine state."

He shrugged, then nodded.

"Floors are mighty clean. Clean enough to eat off of."

"Oh, fuck, yeah," I whispered. Through the heavy fabric I tasted his musk, his piss and jack-off juice. He leaned over and, grabbing me by the hair, lifted my face into his armpit. I breathed a deep stew of dirty, hard-working sweat.



"You already said that, sir."

"Sorry. You know, I can remember a time when rest areas were just ramshackle, little wooden structures. Latrines, like, you'd just shit into a hole in the ground and there it would sit, stinking to high heaven."

He plopped the mop into the bucket and stood staring at me as if he had no idea what I was talking about. That made two of us.

"You were lucky if you could make it through a whole day without gagging. Then there's all the graffiti, the obscenities, the drawings. The invitations to have sex. My God, this is surely a whole different kind of place. I hope it's clean enough to eat out of."

He nodded. "Clean enough to fuck on."

Pushing with the mop, he wheeled the bucket to the sparsely furnished men's room. He unlocked it and pushed the bucket inside. He stood in the doorway, staring at me.

"Well? You want it or not?"

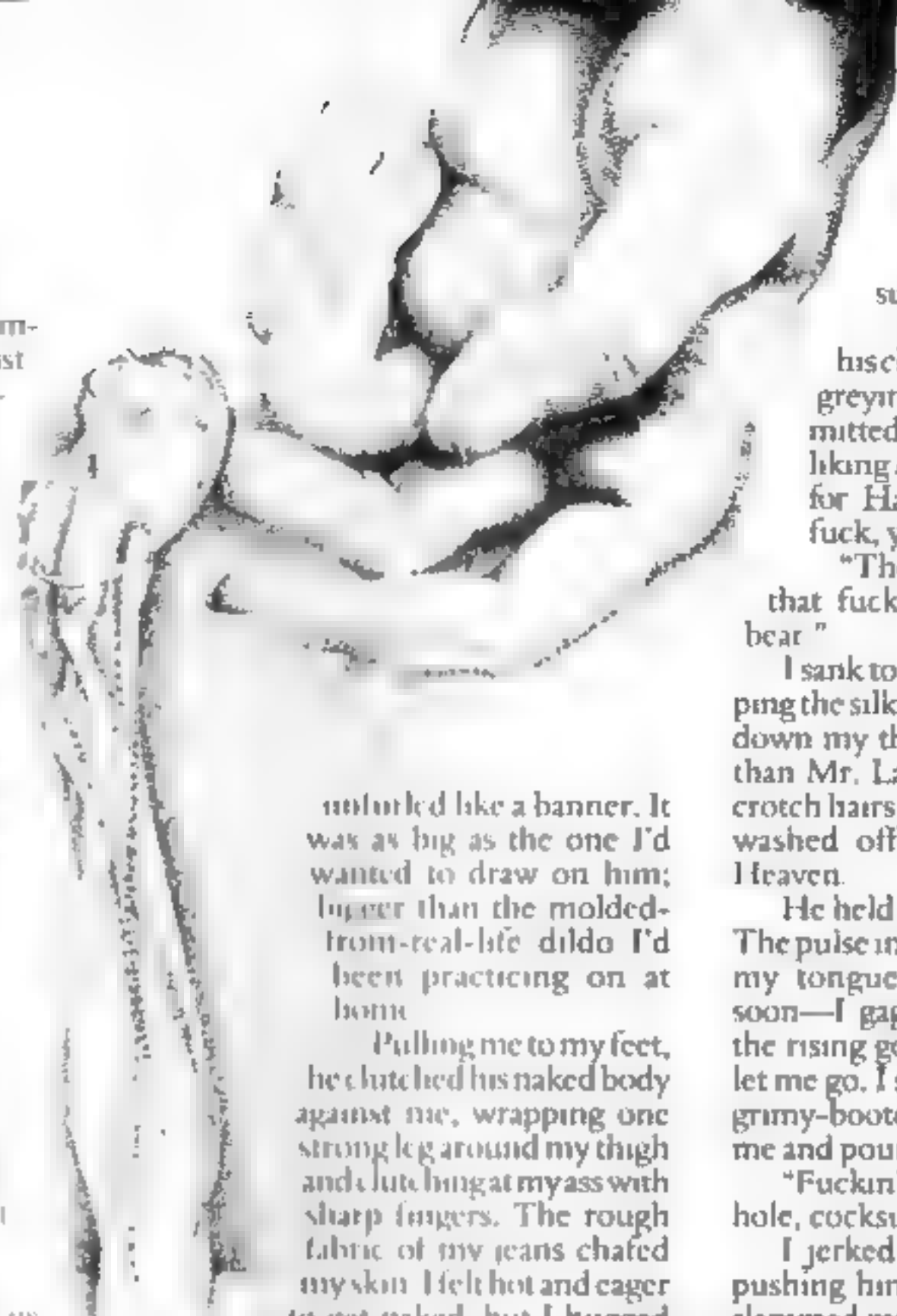
With the door locked behind us, I went straight to my knees. I pressed my face against the growing bulge between his legs. The sweet fragrance of unwashed crotch overpowered the room's raw stench of disinfectant and deodorizer. I breathed deeply.

"I go three or four days at a time without showering," he said. I even the pretense of courtesy was gone. "Sometimes a week. I can stand all this fuckin' pine-scented shit. I like to smell a little dirt. I like it rank. You like it rank?"

"Oh, fuck, yeah," I whispered. Through the heavy fabric I tasted his musk, his piss and jack-off juice. He leaned over and, grabbing me by the hair, lifted my face into his armpit. I breathed a deep view of dirty, hard-working sweat.

He unzipped the coveralls, revealing a broad, perfect, hairless chest. I crushed my face against it, breathing and tasting it—it was salty and bitter with his sweat. Cursing, damp hair lurked under his arms. He peeled back the coveralls, and I lurched at his bare left pit.

Except for a filthy jockstrap, he was naked underneath the coveralls. The uniform fell heavily to the floor. He snagged open two zippers at the ankles and slipped it off over his boots. When he pulled off the jockstrap, his cock



unfurled like a banner. It was as big as the one I'd wanted to draw on him; bigger than the molded-from-real-life dildo I'd been practicing on at home.

Pulling me to my feet, he clutched his naked body against me, wrapping one strong leg around my thigh and clutching at my ass with sharp fingers. The rough fabric of my jeans chafed my skin. I felt hot and eager to get naked, but I hugged him back, letting him take the lead.

He stroked my chest through my thin cotton shirt. "It's hairy under there, ain't it, daddy? I lub?"

I wasn't sure which way he was playing it, did he want top or bottom or neither? "Yeah, boy, I'm a fuckin' bear daddy."

"I bet daddy likes to suck his boys, don't he?"

I was relieved. "You bet I do, son. You bet I do."

He stepped away. "Now you. You strip."

I stripped slowly. I put on a show for him. First I opened my shirt and peeled it away from my hairy round belly. I kicked off my sneakers, shooting them into a corner. I rolled my socks off my big hairy feet and, holding them in my mouth to suck out the sweet smell of sweat, I slid my jeans over my furry hips and legs.

Shivering from anticipation, I stepped away from the bundle of denim on the floor and opened my arms for him. He stroked the heavy pelt that covered my chest and belly. His hands found my ass, ruffling the hair there. He plucked the socks from my mouth.

"Big fuckin' bear daddy," he said. "Big fuckin' hairy, cocksuckin' papa bear. Ain't that right? You're a cock-

sucker daddy, ain'tcha?"

The way he was rubbing his clean-shaven face against my greying beard, I would have admitted to anything: shooting JFK, liking Andrew Dice Clay, writing for *Hard Copy*, anything. "Yes fuck, yes," I said.

"Then suck me, daddy. Gag on that fuckin' unwashed cock, papa bear."

I sank to my knees again, and, gripping the silky skin of his ass, forced him down my throat. He slipped in easier than Mr. Latex and tasted better. His crotch hairs stank of whatever he never washed off: piss, shit, cum, sweat. Heaven.

He held my face against his crotch. The pulse in his cock drummed against my tongue and throat. Soon—too soon—I gagged on him, choking on the rising gorge. At the last second he let me go. I slumped over, hugging his grimy-booted feet. He squatted over me and pounded my back with his fist.

"Fuckin' daddy, fudge-packed shit hole, cocksucker. Fuckin' fuck hole."

I jerked away from his fist, and, pushing him against the nearest wall, slammed my face hard onto his cock. I fucked myself with his fat, fat pole, forcing myself to take him until tears blinded me and I could barely breathe.

With the toes of his boots he prodded my own stiff pole, bending it back between my furry thighs. He kicked lightly at my balls until I writhed from the growing pain. He reached under my arms to twist my tits and smack my chest.

"Fuckin' papa bear, butt hole," he said.

Stepping away from the wall, he drove his fuck stick into my mouth. I struggled to adjust my breathing to the new cadence; he didn't care if I could breathe or not. I clawed at his ass, scraping at his moist hole with the fingers of both hands.

"Yeah, fucker," he said. "Yeah. You want a glory hole, fucker? There it is. I got that hot fuckin' hole just waitin' for a daddy fuck bear to tongue-gouge it."

Abruptly he pushed me away from him. The suddenness of it caught me off guard and I sprawled backwards onto the cold tile floor. Before I could stop him, he stepped over me and I saw his round, dimpled ass cheeks spreading over my face. The deep, raunchy tang of his butt hole filled my world. Without thinking I reached my tongue out for him, but he stopped short, squatting just out of range while he poured



a gust of foul air over me

"Like that, fuck bear slutdaddy? Like that rank fart?"

"God, fuck, yes," I said, swallowing his stench

"Like that fuckin' glory hole, shit face?"

"Fuck, yes, shit, yeah."

"Sure wish I could feel your fuckin' tongue on it, dick hole. Next time bring a dum or some Saran Wrap or somethin'. You got a safe?"

I groaned. "In the car."

"No sweat. You can suck me some more until Billy gets here. He always brings too many anyway."

"Billy?"

"One of my regulars."

Just then he sat on my chest and rammed his pole down my throat again, so I couldn't ask any more questions. In fact, after 30 seconds of that big prick sliding in and out of my throat, I couldn't remember what questions I'd wanted to ask.

A few minutes later, a loud rapping on the steel door startled me nearly out of my skin. Harper stepped to the door and leaned against it, listening. "Who is it?"

From the other side a muffled voice said, "Billy. I'm alone out here."

Harper unlocked the door and admitted a tough-looking man about my age. He wore a flannel shirt, filthy jeans, and scuffed engineer boots. He was about Harper's height but slim and wiry instead of thickly muscled. As Harper locked the door again, the older man sank to his knees. He ignored me.

"I need it real bad this time, Sir," Billy said, and he handed Harper a fistful of foil packets: rubbers and lube.

"You know what to do."

Standing, Billy kicked off his boots and jeans. His cock, which was as average as my own, pointed to the ceiling. At its base, his big balls seemed to stretch their sac to the limit as if he were already in the middle of coming.

Motioning toward me, Harper said, "Billy, this is my new fuck bear, daddy'slut. Make nice."

With a hand on each of our shoulders, Harper pushed Billy and I together. Billy wrapped strong arms around me, and, pulling me against him, fucked my mouth with his slick, cool tongue. I opened to him, and he pressed harder. His hands squeezed my ass cheeks. I unbuttoned his shirt and slid it off his shoulders. Our pulsing cocks rasped against each other.

Kneeling, Harper reached between us. His rough hands gently forced our hips apart. His thick fingers clenched around my balls, and I felt him wrap something around them. Whatever it was, he pulled it so tight that I gasped into Billy's mouth. When he was done with me, Harper worked on Billy's balls, too.

Harper stepped away, and Billy and I stopped kissing long enough to see what he'd done. Using one of his own bootlaces, he'd tied us together at the balls. In unison, we tried to pull apart. The slightly painful drag on my balls, and the intimate connection to this other man, made me weak with passion.

While I drove my tongue so deep into Billy's mouth that he gagged, Harper pulled my hands around behind my back and cinched his other bootlace tight around my wrists. My cock dribbled precome into Billy's pubic hair.

Again, Harper pulled us apart, and he pressed the width of his body between us. To make room for him, Billy and I stretched our ball tether to its limit.

Together we feasted on Harper's fat prick. There was plenty to go around. We licked up and down the shaft, our hot tongues slicking the cock flesh with spit and often meeting on the underside. I moved to Harper's balls—stuffing myself on the rank, gummy sweat that collected underneath them—while Billy forced the throbbing prick down his clutching throat. We switched. Harper moaned, rubbing his hands through our hair.

Gasping, Harper pulled away. "You ready to get fucked now?" he said to Billy.

Billy was already struggling to free his balls. Harper helped him. Once Billy was loose, Harper tucked the free end of the lace into my mouth. "Don't let go, now," he said.

For some reason, Billy put his shirt back on, but didn't button it. Still kneeling, he tore open one of the packets he'd brought and edged a lubed rubber over Harper's fat member. The older man rolled onto his back and grabbed his ankles. Harper knelt over Billy's body and, in practically the same motion, drove home the full length of his prick.

Harper threw Billy a legendary fuck. It was the kind of marathon that porno directors shoot for three days to capture. Harper bucked and stroked and rammed and spooned and poked and slammed, cursing all the while. Billy, sliding on the worn fabric of his shirt, careened from one end of the room to the other, buffing the floor. Harper followed him the whole way.

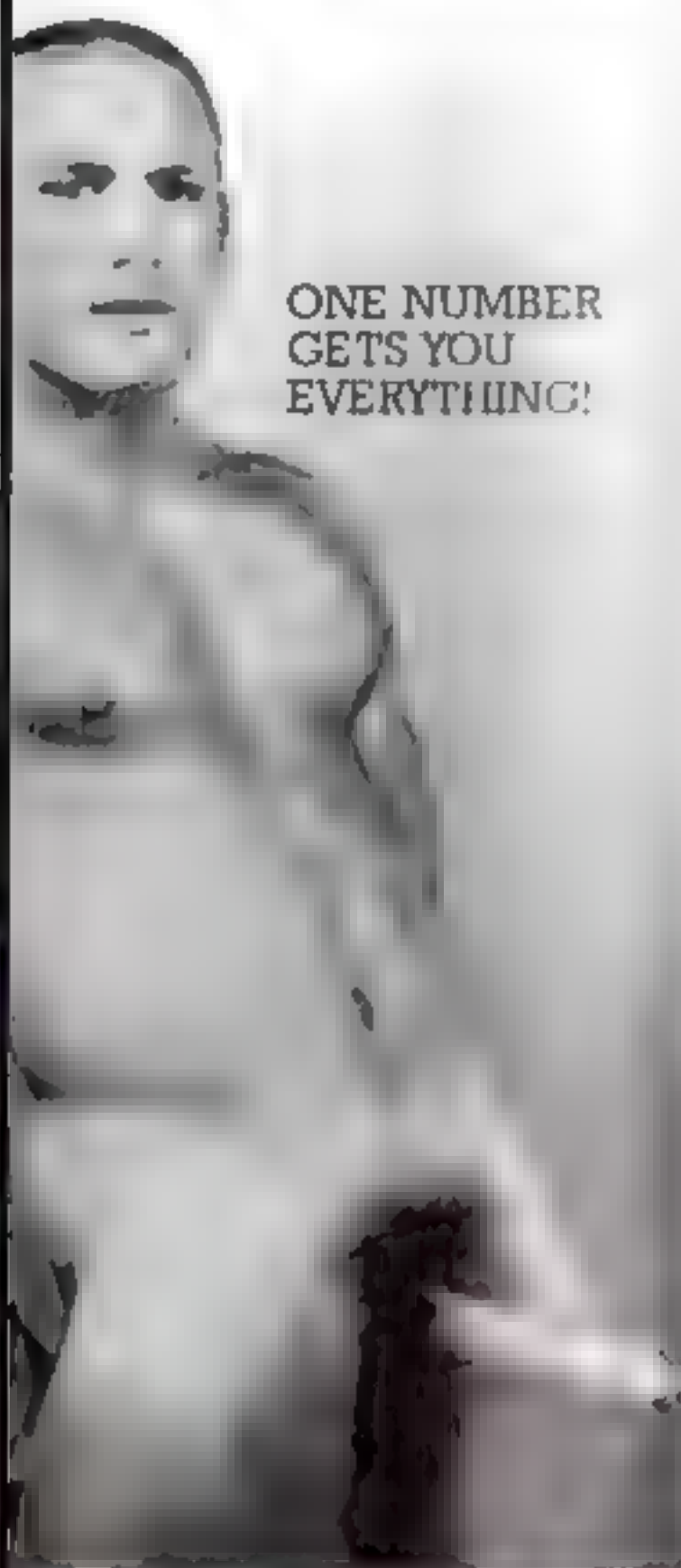
Eventually, after they'd covered every other inch of the floor, they slid toward me. My hard cock was inches from Billy's face. I edged forward, and Billy gobbled my balls into his mouth. He squeezed them between his lips and pulled on them, and I felt the dragging sensation all the way up in my belly.

Just then, Billy leaked a deluge of fuck juice down his chest. Harper stopped cold, and I could tell by the way his eyes rolled back in his head that he'd shot. I cried out in protest, and the sheer echoing noise of my voice against the smooth walls surprised me. My voice joined Harper's and Billy's in a funky chorus.

**While I dressed, he carefully pulled the rubber off his shrinking prick. He tied it off and washed it in the sink. As I buttoned my shirt, he dropped it into the breast pocket. "A little snack for later," he said.**



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Billy tucked and buttoned and zipped; in less than a minute he was at the door and ready to go. He smiled at me and gave me a thumbs-up. Then he kissed Harper's boots and left. Harper stood over me, his still-rubbered cock dripping with Billy's ass-scurm.

"You next?"

"You just came," I said, still holding the bootlace in my teeth.

Smiling, shaking his head, he plucked the string free. Almost absent-mindedly, he yanked on it. "I faked it. I wanted to save it for you. Hell, Billy can't tell the difference. He only cares about his own load anyway. You want it doggy-style or like Billy?"

"Like Billy. I want to see your face."

He smiled. "A fuckin' romantic. Can you take it that hard?"

"Yes, Sir," I paused. "But go easy at first."

Freshly rubbercoated, Harper forced my body into the tight pretzel that Billy had slipped into so easily. He left my hands bound under me and held my legs against my chest himself. He stuffed the bootlace in my mouth again.

All the lube Billy had brought with him Harper now sprinkled on his cock and my asshole. He took me more gently than he had Billy—though not by much. No matter how slowly he went in, it was still like forcing a plum through a drinking straw. By the time I had the whole column of fuck flesh in me, I thought I'd swallowed a baseball bat.

Misguidedly encouraged, I'm sure, by my moans, Harper slammed me as tirelessly and as mercilessly as he had Billy. I tucked him back, squeezing him with my pussy ring and meeting his strokes with a painful kind of hobby-horse rocking on the small of my back.

Without warning he collapsed against me, crushing my arms and legs to my chest. He held so still that I felt him shoot into the rubber: five strong spurts, muted by the latex but all perfectly discernible. He left me with a light slap on the ass.

I still held the bootlace in my teeth, and my balls and cock had twisted around each other so that my shiny red nut sac pointed straight up and my heavy-hard cock hung down along my thigh. "You look hot, daddybear," Harper said. "I ought to leave you trussed up like that for a while." But even as he said it he leaned down and set me free.

While I dressed, he carefully pulled the rubber off his shrinking prick. He

ted it off and washed it in the sink. As I buttoned my shirt, he dropped it into the breast pocket. "A little snack for later," he said.

I smiled. I collected my shoes from the corner where they'd landed. Balancing against the spotless tiled wall and watching him struggle into his uniform, I slipped my feet into the battered sneaks without untying them.

At the door he stopped me. "Where do you live?"

"Minneapolis. I'm a graphic designer with..."

He cut me short with a wave of his hand. "You'll need this." He handed me a tiny slip of paper with days and times written on it. His work schedule. "Knock like you heard Billy doin' it. And if you want to get a mouthful of that fuckin' glory hole, bring a fuckin' dam."

"Yes, Sir."

"One more thing. You ain't cum yet, and I hate to let my regulars go unsatisfied. So whip it out and let's see you shoot."

I shook my head. "Thanks, but I'm already done. I'm not even hard any more." Really, I just wanted to go home pretending he'd forbade me to cum until next time (Thursday, according to the schedule he'd given me).

But he was adamant. His face darkened with anger and he stepped toward me. "It wasn't a fuckin' request, shit hole. Get the fuck on your knees and make it shoot, fuckwad."

When I still wouldn't move, a light kick to the back of my knees with one foot and a simultaneous jab to my nuts with the fingers of one hand brought me swiftly to the floor. Okay, now I was hard.

"Move it, daddy. Beat it. Come on. My shift's almost over."

Trembling, I opened my jeans and pulled down my briefs. Spreading my knees a little wider, I stroked my throbbing rod with both hands. I watched Harper enjoying the show, watched his own prick get its second wind because of me, watched his hips sway as though he were still fucking my hole.

"Yeah, that's it," he said. "Stroke it off, daddy, fuckbear, cunt face."

A few more minutes of dirty talk and I was ready to go. I caught a whiff of his crotch-stink, and that sent me over the edge. "I'm gonna





shoot," I told him. "I'm gonna fuckin' cream my guts out."

"Do it, fuck daddy."

I did it. I sprayed the sparkling tile with my fuckbear daddy-cream, shooting as far as two feet. The first volley landed smack between Harper's boots.

But as soon as it landed there, the boots moved. Even before I'd dribbled my last, his hand was on the back of my head, pushing me toward the floor. "Lick it up," he was saying. "Lick up your fuckin' cock spit, daddyslut. Lick it off my clean floor, fuckbear. Gotta keep it clean enough to eat off of, don't we, slut wipe?"

I slurped away my own spicy juice, snorting and moaning. I said, "Yes, Sir. Yes, Sir, clean enough to eat off of, Yes, Sir."

When Harper opened the door for me, a half dozen men waited in the lobby. Some were reading tourist brochures, one was fighting with the Coke machine, and one was just leaning against a wall. All looked up when the door opened. They looked past me and through me—looking for Harper, probably. But the restroom door closed and locked behind me, and they went back to killing time.

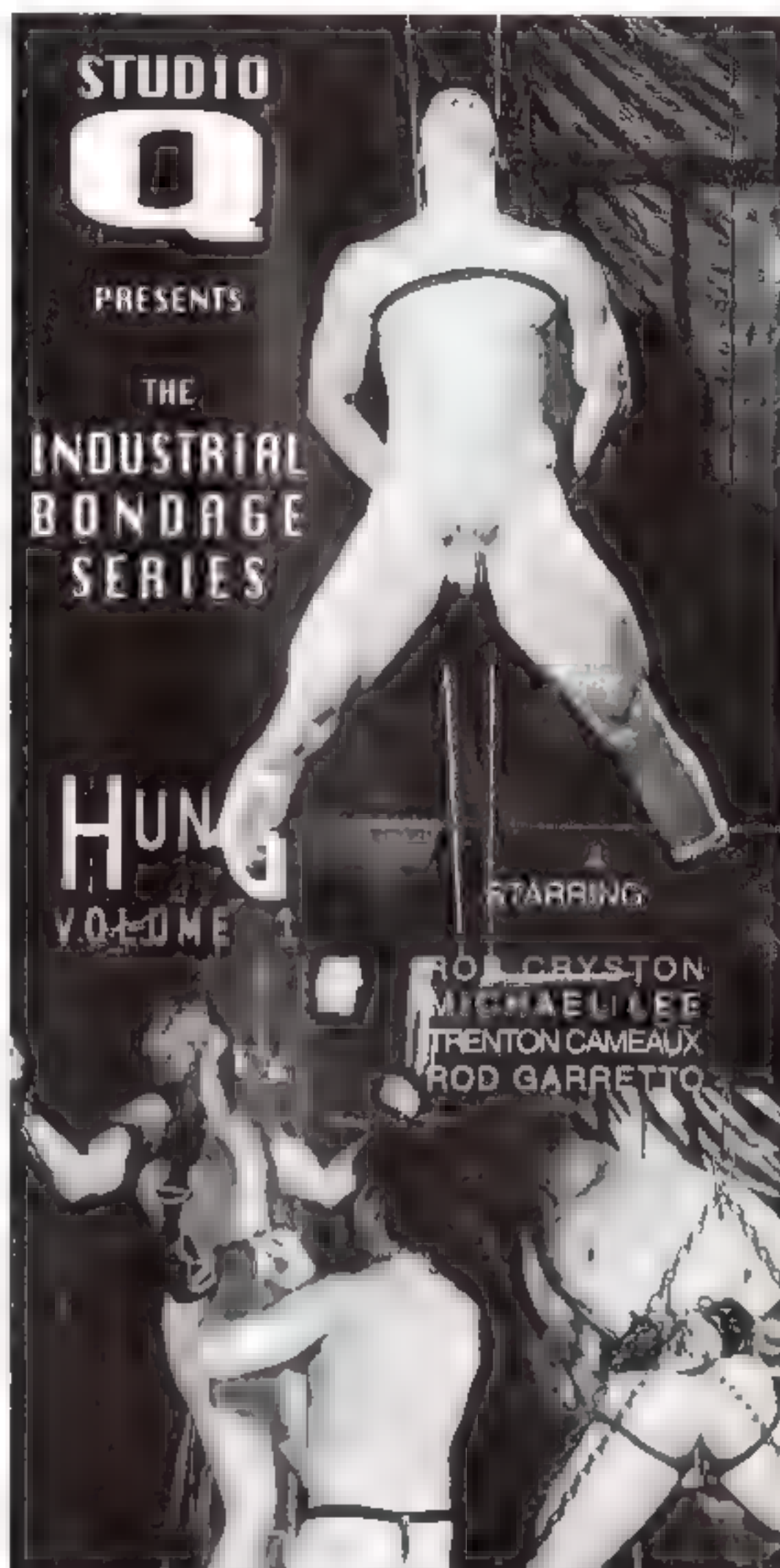
I wasn't horny any more—not by a long shot—but out of habit I looked them over. The man at the Coke machine wore a dress shirt and slacks; he was slim and tall and looked vaguely like an Amway salesman. The rest looked like truckers: big, beefy men in various states of cleanliness, wearing grumpy jeans, flannel, boots, baseball caps.

Fishing my keys out of my pocket, I hustled to my car. I'd left my coat in the car, so I ran against the icy wind with my arms huddled around me and my head low. One of the truckers I'd just seen inside was waiting for me, leaning against the driver's side door. My jaw dropped—how could he have moved so fast?

He pushed himself off the car and stood squarely in front of me, a solid wall of muscle, sweat, and hair. Though he wore nothing but a T-shirt and jeans, he wasn't shivering like I was. Maybe all that muscle kept him warm. He looked down at me—and through me, it seemed—with eyes exactly the color of the clouds overhead.

"Billy says you give head," he said. His voice was as thick and heavy as his body. "Says you like to get pushed around, too. So I think you should come with me. Bring scumbags if you got 'em." He stepped away from the car so I could fetch them. "When I'm done with you," he said, "there'll be plenty more where I came from."

There was only one thing to say. "Yes, Sir." ■



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# Truckin' Down the

The radio was blaring as I cruised down I-95 through North Carolina. I croaked along with Waylon Jennings about our "Honky Tonk Heros" as the hot blast of humid, summer air streamed through the open windows of the cab. My stomach was growling. Damn! I'd been hoping to make better time before pulling over to eat. I probably should ignore the empty feeling in my gut given the extra pounds I had put on during the last few months. So what, if I've developed a couple of small handles around my waist. With enough years of working out, my muscular, stocky build still over shadowed the added weight. Being 32 years old was also an asset.

When I flicked my signal to turn right at the Aurora exit, another 18 wheeler cruised up next to mine in the left hand lane. A wild-looking motherfucker with long, black hair was steering his diesel-powered beast. Matching my speed, it seemed like we were standing still and idling. An illusion given we're both doing 55 miles per hour. Almost like a beacon in paint faded script on his cab door, I noticed he wore a T-shirt that said "Just the name of his top." I'm not sure.

With the heavy vibration of an engine pulling an overloaded big rig as well as the constant bouncing over badly worn highways you'd be hard pressed to keep your mind with Waylon Willy and the boys. Your mind wanders to sucking cock and fucking ass. Fantasies of naked, stiff dick getting pumped and sucked alongside a deserted highway or in a remote truck stop. I can't help it if a boner continually cramps up my jeans. I've forgotten the number of times I've driven along, legs spread wide and my stiff cock in my hands. A lot of guys cruise the open road for horny truckers like myself. These guys are easy to spot. The game is called "car tag." They pass a big rig on the left, real slow, and when they get even with the cab of the truck, they pull out their hard cock and stroke it real hard. Riding way up high, it's easy to look down into some horny guys crotch and watch him pump a load.

So my dick was already throbbing and salivating when that passing trucker snapped a finger up to his temple and waved a friendly salute. I did the same, with thoughts already crowding my mind—of meeting up with that greasy bastard in some dark corner or along some deserted road.

My exit loomed up quicker than I wanted, so with one more side glance at this swarthy stud of a trucker, I swung off the I. The trucker kept on truckin', as they say. Through the fine dust his rig was kicking up I made note that his battered machine might have been silver at one time but was now a grimy grey—dirt and mud coating the exposed surfaces permanently. Then he was gone.

My hunger won the battle at the hole-in-the-wall diner. I ravished a roast beef sandwich, double order of fries, and a gallon of cola. As my stomach got satiated, my horny and stimulated mind wandered to Deek. Slouching down into the booth—eyes closed and my hands on my

rounded, swollen crotch—I mentally began stripping off this long-haired stud's jeans until he was standing buck ass naked, leaning over spread-eagle, his musk-smelling butt lighting up.

"Got ya anythin' else, hon?" The bleached-blond waitress verbally ripped me out of my nut swelling dream. Damn!

It rained steadily through the Carolinas. To the beat of the wipers, Garth Brooks and I crooned our confession of being "Shameless." I knew that I wouldn't mind being shameless with that mean-looking, long-haired trucker I spied way back when. The pouring rain escalated into a squall as another long day darkened into night.

I had planned to drive straight through to Florida to drop my load, but the rain was just too damn heavy so I pulled off at Bowersville, Georgia. I know this neck of the woods like the outline of my crotch. Less than a mile off the highway was a truck stop, one of the few left that still rents beds by the hour for fagged-out truckers.

I maneuvered my dinosaur-of-a-truck into a dirt lot scat-







Fuckin' A! This dude's having a sex dream. I watched him as he gyrated his hips and pushed his firm butt into the

I was getting close to blowing my spunk. This guy sounded like he was close too. Watching him closely, I matched him stroke for stroke. Suddenly, a low groan vibrated from his gut and his tight boxers started to change color from the wet sperm flooding from his orgasm. Seeing this sent me over the edge. Holding my cock at the base, my cum spilled out over the head and landed in the funky material of my well-worn briefs. I kept stroking and the cum kept splattering my crotch and

I stuffed my boner in my Jockey's, slipped into my jeans, shirt and shoes then ambled out to the coffee shop for a bite. Good thing I did. Sitting at the counter was Deck, looking finer than a full moon and grimmer than a day in the coal mines of West Virginia. He was mouthing down a sandwich wide enough to feed the hungriest and most talented cocksucker

I ordered some apple pie and a mug of coffee. By the time my pie was set in front of me, Deek was puffing an unfiltered Camel, acting like he had nowhere in particular to go. Feeling bold, I pressed my leg against his with obvious pressure. Deek didn't flinch. The head of my boner was crying to be free. I hid my eyes down to see what might be hiding in his jeans. I didn't know exactly what was inside, but his crotch was over-filled, producing a fine pouch of denim. His legs were spread wide with his thigh resting squarely on my own. Neither of us pulled away from each other. When I lifted my eyes, he



crushed out his cigarette, stood up and paid his bill, then stared me down while he loitered at the door. That was my cue. Leaving my food half-eaten and a five-spot on the counter, I trailed behind the long-haired dude.

He sidled down the hall, opened a door, and stepped inside. I've rested my ass in that truck stop on more than one occasion and knew where the trucker's dorm was located. It wasn't behind that door. Fact is, I didn't know what was in there. But I was ready to find out.

Turns out, this was a storeroom stacked with cardboard boxes, wooden crates and sacks of dry goods. Toward the back stood Deek—that long-haired stud—leaning against a crate, the flat of his Camel lighting up a dark fire topped with a haystack of midnight hair.

"How ya doing, buddy?" he asked. "Got a name?"

I slowly walked over. "Better every minute," I said and grabbed his crotch. He didn't flinch. "Call me Griff."

He stood there leaning one elbow on the crate, inhaling smoke and giving me wide berth to do my thing.

"Yeah, Griff, go for it," he growled.

I used one hand, cradling a set of balls obviously packed inside tight jeans and briefs that were cramping one full-sized cock. My fondling swelled his cock head causing it to nearly bust his denim stitches. My other hand pawed his thick chest, feeling the coarse hair trapped under the tight material of his thread-bare T-shirt. His nipples stood out like hard knobs of flesh.

I breathed in hard, getting off on the combination of smoke and musky man-smell. If he showered this week, I couldn't tell. He had a smell, a stink, a healthy aroma that filled my lungs and sent a current of electricity directly to my nuts and drooling prick.

He lifted a foot up onto a cardboard case as I rammed my hand between his legs, rubbing his denim-covered ass crack. I pressed my other palm against his balls and proceeded to grab his butt cheeks with my fingers. The only movement he displayed was a slight rhythm that moved his hips slowly back and forth—as in a trance. That was enough for me. At the moment, I wasn't looking for love. I needed lust and man sex.

Like a starved animal, I slid to my knees, saliva running from my tongue. I ran both hands over his legs, starting at his crusted, unpolished brogans. I pushed the hem of his jeans up until I circled my fist around his booted ankles.

Thick socks barely peeked above the brogans. The touch of thin leg hairs attached to heavily-muscled calves made my face burn. I pushed my hands up inside his jeans as far as they could go. Not far but hating the full length of his ankle-high boots.

I knelt down to worship the foot that was resting on the case. Just the one boot. Sucking the laces, swiping my tongue over the sides and steel toe, all the time caressing that boot with both hands as if it was a golden slipper.

Suddenly, I saw a flash of red in the corner of my eye. It flared quickly then rolled away. His Camel dropped to the cement floor where he stomped out the smoldering butt then immediately replaced his foot in front of my insatiable tongue. I attached my mouth to his boot, determined to bring back a shine that had long since disappeared. A rustling sound came from above as I continued my boot-tonguing. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the length of his black leather belt swing back and forth.

THWACK!! Doubled over, his belt sent a powerful electric current through my torso that shot out the end of my pulsating cock head. The thin material of my T-shirt did nothing to protect my back from the stinging blows. WOO!! THWACK!! Deek maintained a steady rhythm as he beat my back and butt, all the while watching me worship his crusty boot. My body and genitals were a mass of throbbing sensations. Who needed drugs with this kind of high?

After what seemed like hours of intense pummeling, my boot-worship and flogging was interrupted. Deek began to distract me with his swelling denim crotch—an overloaded pouch of trucker meat.

Placing my hands on my knees for support, I stretched my neck to lick his jean-covered pouch that was as tantalizing as a rare T-bone steak. I licked this stud's covered cock as if I could melt the material away. I pressed my tongue way up between his legs, tasting harsh cloth and the sweat of his balls. Chills ran up my spine as I lifted higher to wrap my mouth around and gnaw his throbbing, packed meat which was well-protected by blue denim and musk-smelling briefs.

The long-haired trucker began

pushing his crotch into my face, still leaning one elbow on the crate, one foot on the carton, and his other thick paw behind my head. I flicked my tongue over the sleek metallic zipper that was keeping my meal imprisoned and cooking.

With my mouth I reached up to catch the latch with my teeth while utilizing both hands to snap open the fly of my jeans and flop out my long, leaking pecker. Needing more of my cock exposed, I tore open the top button on my jeans and tugged out my nuts too.

With a firm grip, my teeth began a difficult pull at his zipper while I stroked my pole that was quivering between my legs. Squatting as far as I could go in a kneeling position and pushing down with my flat palm, I rubbed and rolled my uncut prick on the grimy floor while keeping my eyes wide open as I gnarled at the zipper until the sight of briefs came into view.

"That's it, fucker. Use that cocksuckin' mouth to get my dick out," Deek taunted. "You know you want my fat prick in your motherfuckin' mouth, asshole."

I nudged my nose inside the fly to poke against Deek's constrained bag of balls. The aroma I inhaled was sweeter, stronger, and more acrid than the pouch of my own scummy briefs after two weeks of riding a hard road as well as a recent load of my cum. This long-haired trucker was a man after my own heart.

I heard a movement and lifted my eyes in time to see Deek use one hand to snap open the top of his jeans. An answered prayer.

From the pressure of his expanding cock, the fly of this trucker's jeans widened of their own accord revealing a man-sized pouch of penis-filled briefs. His size was accentuated because his mound was lifted up by the crotch of his jeans.

Deek's briefs, stained with sweat, were puddled with his wet juice, mixing with dried piss. I nibbled the material then scarfed it down. I gnawed at his hunk of meat which curved to the side and that almost reached the waist of elastic—turned grey from months of sweating in the front seat of his rig.

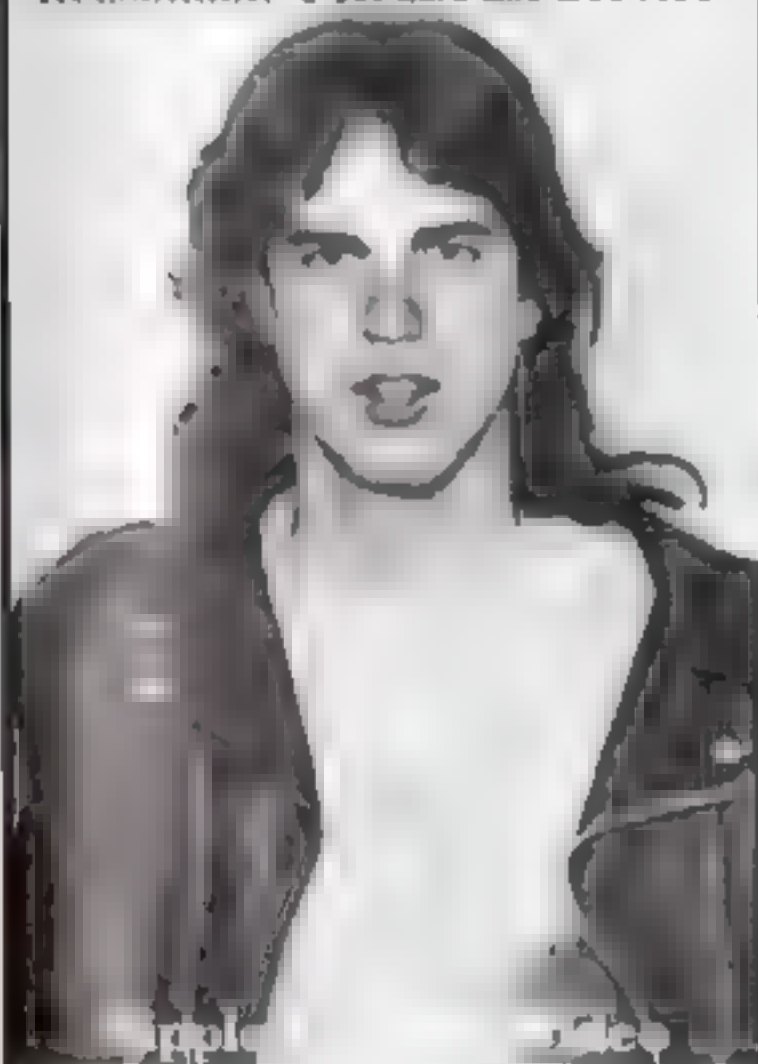




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That meat of his throbbed as I sucked it in between my lips and lapped it with my tongue. Soon, my saliva soaked the cotton material so much it turned transparent. His dick was so hot, I swear I saw steam rising off his trapped tube!

As I ravaged Deek's penis, a stream of spit ran off my lower lip and splashed over my own throbbing prick. Using my drool as lubricant, I swirled my palm around the head of my dick, mixing it with a healthy dose of precome. Returning my attention to the long-haired dude, I lifted my mouth to gobble the dick head outlined with my own spit. As soon as Deek's cock was sucked firmly between my lips, I got the feeding of my life—his piss.

What began as a slow, golden dribble that strained through his funky briefs became a forceful torrent of piss that soaked the material and ran into my mouth and over my cheeks. I guzzled down the yellow fluid as fast as it hosed out of his shaft and let the overflow run down my chest. Swinging around and behind me, Deek flopped out his streaming hose and dowsed the back of my head. His hot shower soaked my T-shirt, showing off my muscle-packed pecs and sensitive nipples. I stretched back to receive his piss.

Of course, I followed suit, forcing my own prick to piss, hosing my legs, the floor, and his boot. The acrid smell of our urine rose up to add to the steamy, man-smell filling the confines of the storeroom.

As his pipe stopped flowing, he tucked his wet tool back into the soaked material. Swiveling on my knees, I bit down on the cotton of his briefs to sponge out every last drop. My piggish slurping was loud enough to make me think that someone could hear us.

Deek dropped his leg from the cart. "You made a real mess on my boot, boy." Deek looked and sounded angry. "Get ready to pay the price, fuck head."

I dropped back to catch my breath and contemplate my predicament. Looking up, I watched him hook both thumbs into each side of his soaking briefs. I thought I detected a devilish glimmer behind his dark eyes. I wasn't afraid—I was turned on! In my lust I pressed my balls into the puddle between my legs then ground them into the floor. My cock hovered overhead like a thick-bloated, slow-rotating helicopter.

Deek knew what he was doing as he inched down his briefs in a slow, mouth-watering strip. Pulling off his T-shirt, the thatch of hair that crawled

from underneath then exploded across his ribbed stomach and branched out into a thicket of curled fur that accentuated his well-developed chest.

His cock was tented in his cinched-down briefs and speared out but was still somewhat hidden under the discolored material. With a flick of his thumbs, he snapped the elastic down. His prick hovered like a telephone pole growing from a base of dark weeds. He released the briefs with a snap as the elastic cramped his balls up to his cock.

I knew this was my signal to dive in.

The nut sac on this man hung low and heavy because of the huge, oversized shape of his balls. I swirled my tongue around his fur-covered ball sac then burrowed my nose in the soft flesh, scooping and sucking on one nut then the other. Soon I was chewing on them and pulling them down with the suction of my mouth. In my frenzy, I wrapped my fist around my own balls until my thick, sensitive nuts were pained and stretched. Finally, I worked both his nuts into my mouth, stretching my jaws to the point of dislocation. My lips rubbed against his coarse crotch hairs as my nose sniffed and examined the shaft of his cock. My tongue worked miracles as it poked, prodded, licked and lapped around his nut sac. Throwing caution to the wind, I pulled off Deek's balls and dove onto his throbbing cock, milking it for all the juices. I buried the shaft all the way into the back of my throat. Savagely, I pressed my teeth into his tender cock flesh, as I swallowed all the precome he was willing to feed me.

"Goddamn, cocksucker, that's good. Yeah, suck and bite it. Choke on that motherfucker! Feels like a goddamn vacuum."

At this point, Deek was really into my dick-worship. He grabbed the sides of my head and literally rammed his throbber in and out of my shiny hole of a mouth.

I was not immune to the action either. My nuts were ready to burst into high heaven but I wasn't sure he was ready to pop his wad yet. I let my balls drop, then hang free onto the piss-wet cement. Deek bent and lowered his knees as if straddling a baby bull, reached down and began to pinch and twist my tits. I eased my weight onto my hands and knees in order to yank my prick into ecstasy.

Suddenly, he pulled out of my mouth. Didn't matter. The sight of his spit-shined nut sac and dick shaft from all my sucking was good enough. The



hairs were matted to his nuts as spit dripped off to the floor. His dick was standing straight out bobbing and throbbing. It was drooling a steady stream of precome.

My cock and balls were hanging full and low as I knelt on the floor like a bitch in heat. I opened my mouth full wide and begged him silently to feed me. Feed this motherfucking cock-sucker your balloon-headed dick! Ease it into the hole in my face. Fuck my face!

**"You made a real mess on my boot, boy." Deek looked and sounded angry. "Get ready to pay the price, fuck head."**

On a shelf next to Deek's face sat a roll of duct tape. Reaching up, he pulled off a lengthy piece, bent down and grabbed a paw-full of my balls. Holding firmly, he began to wrap my tender nuts with the tape. He continued to distend my balls with a couple more strips until my nut sac was stretched to the limit—each ball tight and shiny smooth. The ache in my gut was incredible!

Standing back up, he waved his hips from side to side. His dick head slapped over my cheeks, my nose, my eyes, like a well-disciplined policeman's baton. This dude's determined. Finally, his wet dick head rested at the opening of my waiting mouth. He grabbed his shaft and painted my lips with the scum-covered tip. The slime dribbling out of this piss hole was hot and salty-sweet as I licked my lips to devour the taste.

I stuck my tongue out. He shifted his cock only enough for the end of my tongue to lap at his piss hole. He rolled his fist down the thick shaft and squeezed, his cock head swelled to double in size, his piss hole yawning wide. I poked my tongue into his slit. If I could, I would have crawled all the way inside.

In one swift, maybe even dramatic, movement, he grabbed the hair on my head and pulled my face onto his pole, shoving the whole goddamn piece of meat down my throat.

I choked and gagged. I struggled to

reach air. He wouldn't let me. His feet were planted firmly on the floor, his fingers were clamped tightly to my hair, and his hips were glued to my face. The pubic hairs were burning my brow and it felt like my gut was going to explode. I couldn't breathe and I was sure I was choking to death. What a way to go!

Finally loosening his grip, Deek pulled back and out. I was on my hands and knees, my head hanging low, gasping, drawing in air, and feeling my lungs wanting to burst. I was in pig heaven!

When I looked up, he wasn't in front of me. He had slipped behind me and dropped on his knees. He started to tug at my jeans and shorts, ripping the material until my ass was exposed to the air. My vulnerable asshole open to his cock which he immediately thrust between my legs and reaching all the way under my wrapped balls.

He ground his crotch hairs into my butt and pushed my face down to the floor into a puddle of piss. I slipped my tongue from my lips and started lapping it up.

Deek coughed a hawk that made my ass shiver with delight. I couldn't see but I knew he was lubing up his spit-shined pole that pulsed with a mind of its own.

He used one thick paw to keep my head to the floor and used the other to help his fat penis make the short journey toward my hole. His bubble-headed crown paused at the entrance. Being an impatient pig, I slurped up some piss from the floor and then shoved my ass back onto Deek's waiting cock. My hole quickly split wide as that mushroom dick head plopped inside my gut. I'm not sure where the satiated groan came from, my mouth or my hole, but it was loud and grateful.

Deek behaved as before. With one slam, with one jagged thrust, he plugged me to the hilt on his bubble-headed meat. I opened my mouth and yelped like a contented bull. The aggressive trucker shut it by slamming both hands over my face and grinding his prick deep inside my hole. Every cell in my body was inflamed, like an inferno from hell and beyond. I loved it!

His hands roughly rubbed across my face then clamped onto my shoulders as his piece eased itself from my ass. Thank god I could feel my hungry ass muscles trap the rounded crown of

his cock, not letting it go. Deek plunged into me again, deep. Suddenly, Deek lifted a hand and slapped it across the cheek of my cock-packed butt. The sound, the searing surprise of the ass-slap, was ear-shattering and could have possibly woken the truckers in the other room. But at this point, I didn't care.

He edged his cock out, again slapped my butt, then ground that cock back into my ass like he was afraid somebody would steal it.

The brutal fucking continued, the spanking, the pounding into my ass, again and again. My meat was flopping between my legs like a Fourth of July rocket bound to explode, my grey-taped balls were being knocked back and forth like a wrecker's ball. All the while, Deek called me every filthy name in the book as he smashed my face to the piss-soaked, cement floor. I slurped the grime and piss as if it was my last meal. My long-haired captor slammed, plugged, fucked, and sexually abused every willing part of me. Deek shoved me more time, then stayed put as he luxuriated in the hot-tightness of my hung. He gripped his fists into the skin and flesh around my waist while his pole pierced my ass, swelling even bigger than before.

Yanking it out of my butt with a pop, Deek's dick spewed out his fucking, hot-ass cum. Instead of screaming out, he leaned over, bit into my neck and growled like an animal as his penis continued to spill its seed down the inside of my thighs and over my stretched balls. My own cock went off and I howled like a fucking wolf.

Some time later, I woke up alone and found myself laying on the storeroom floor—sticky and stinking with used cum and piss. I had no idea how long I had been sprawled there in a daze. I snuck out of the storeroom and showered. Another trucker also showering, noticed my tape-bound balls and watched intensely as I peeled the strips off my aching nuts at an agonizingly slow pace. I then staggered to my cot and passed out.

When I woke up in the morning, Deek was nowhere to be seen—not in a cot, nor in the shower or the coffee shop. Looking out over the parking lot, I saw that his grimy truck was gone. Grabbing my stuff, I ground the gears, swung onto the I, and bumped along to Florida to drop another load. All along the way I kept an eagle eye out for another cum-packed rider—truckin' down the I. ■



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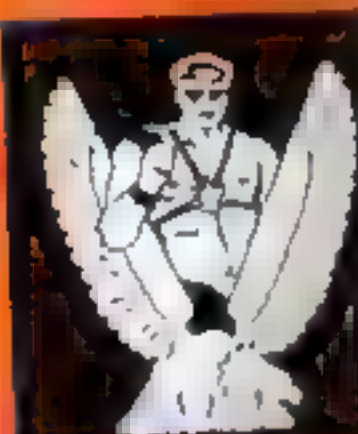


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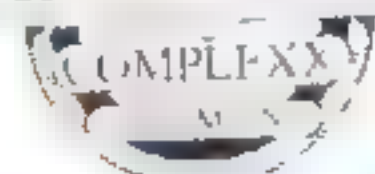
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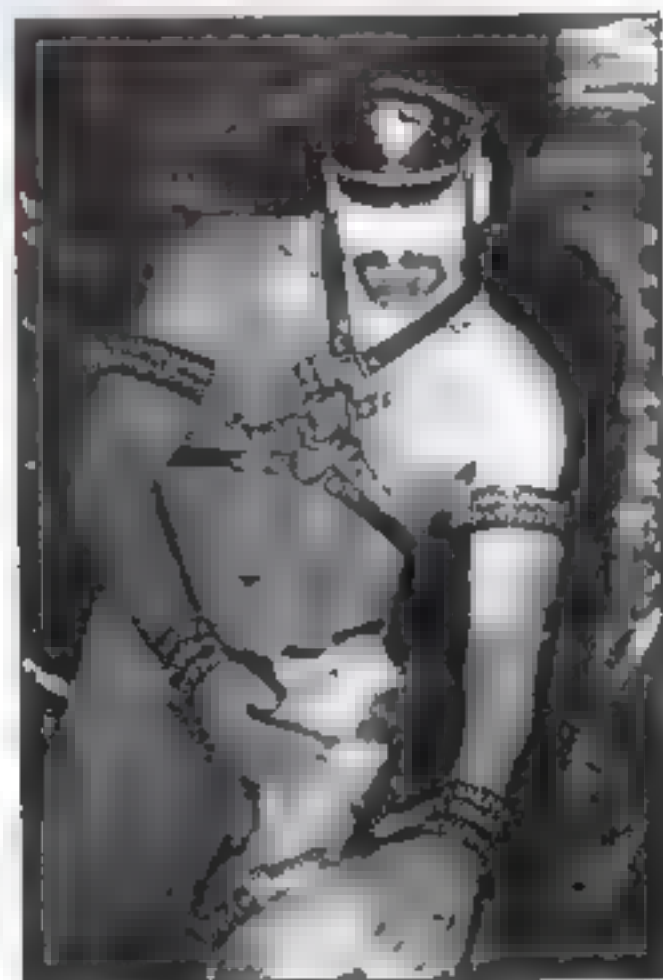
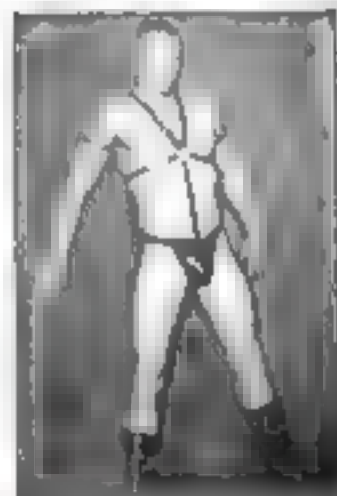
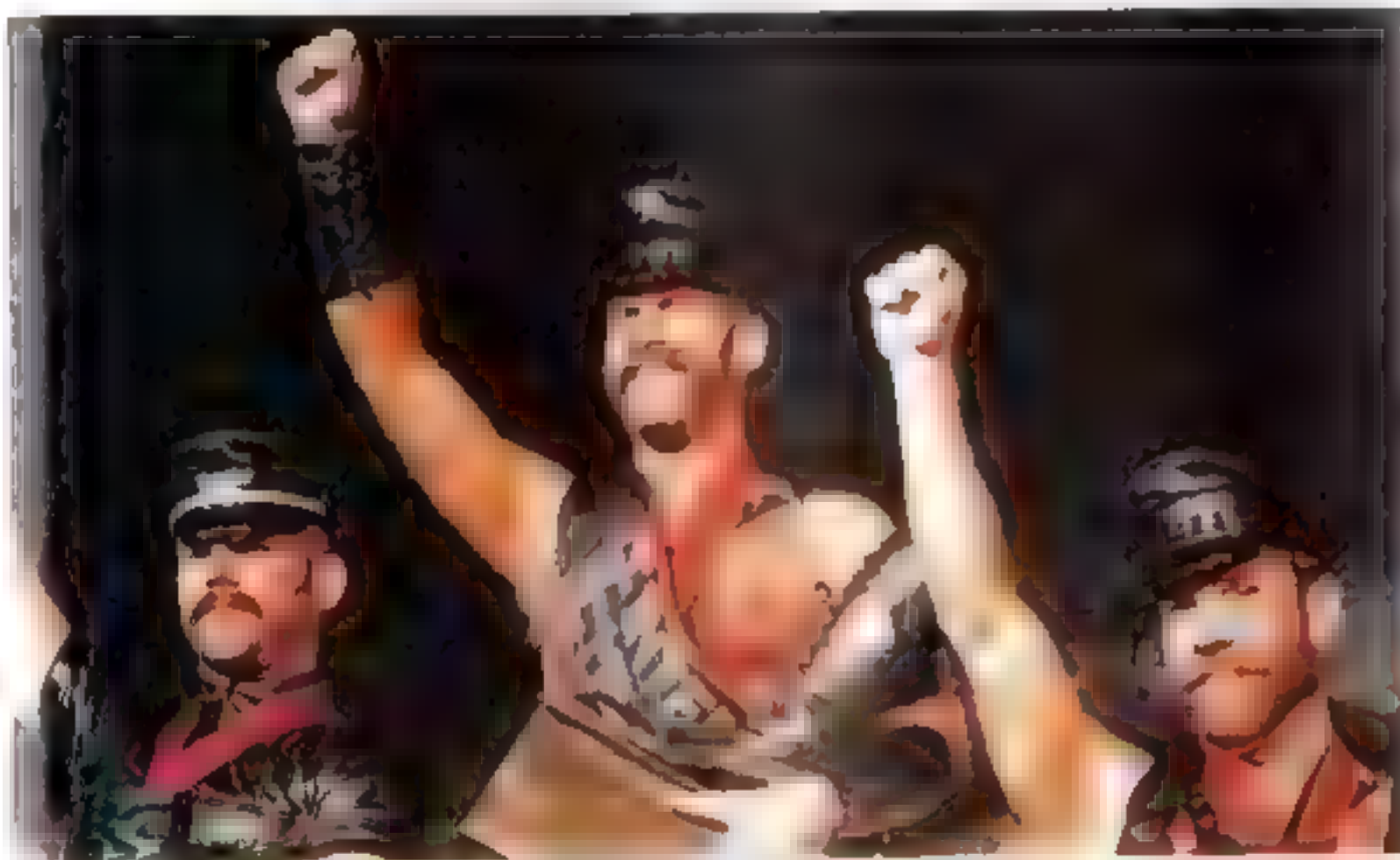
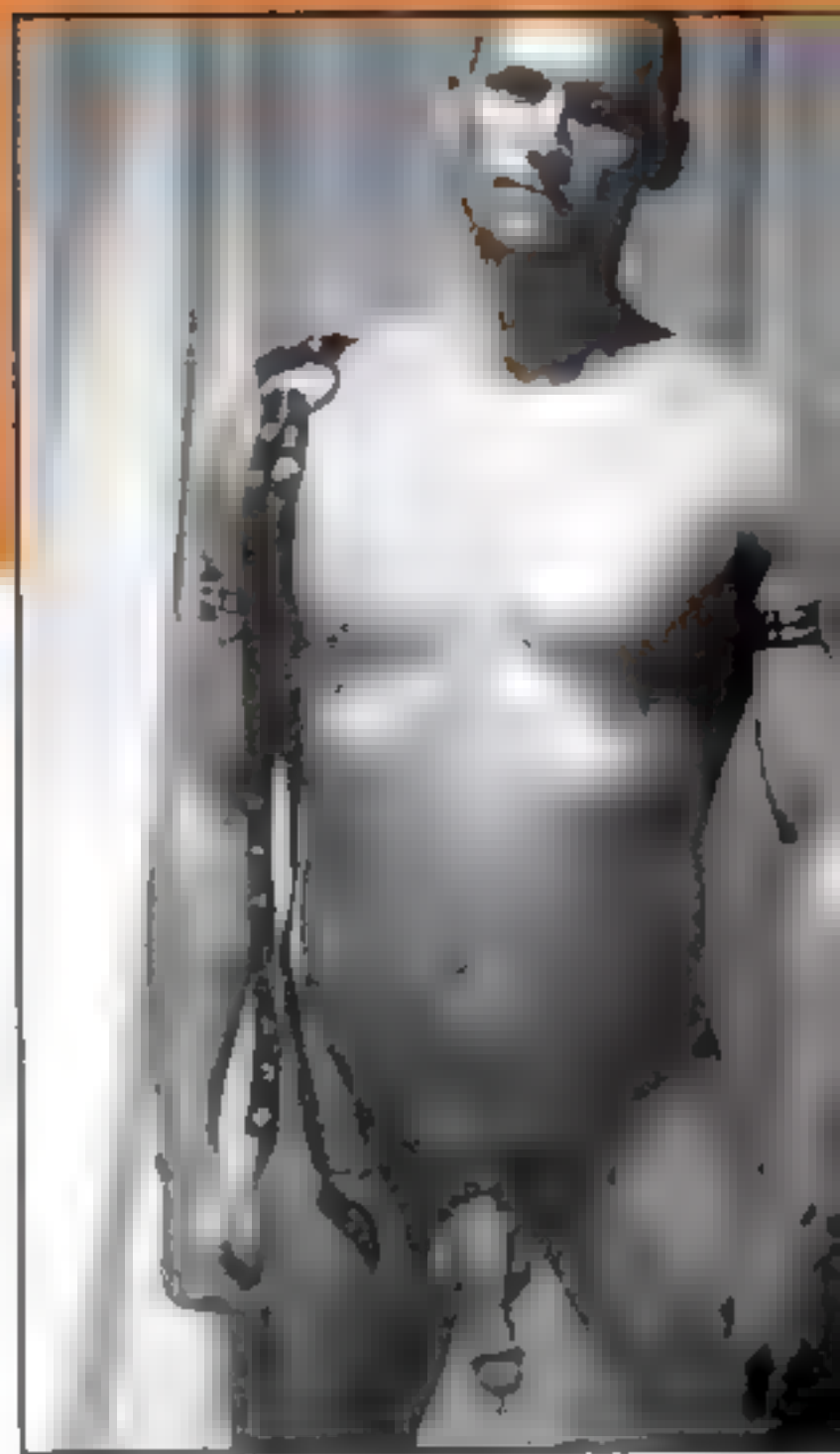
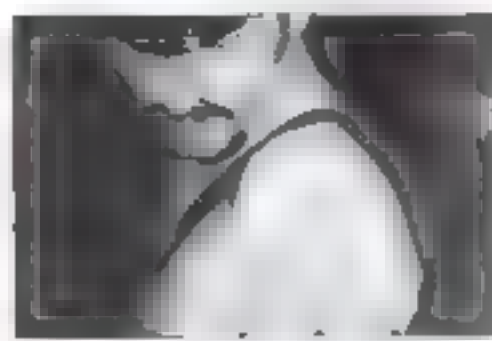


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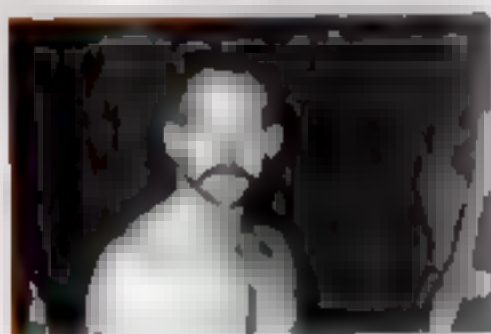


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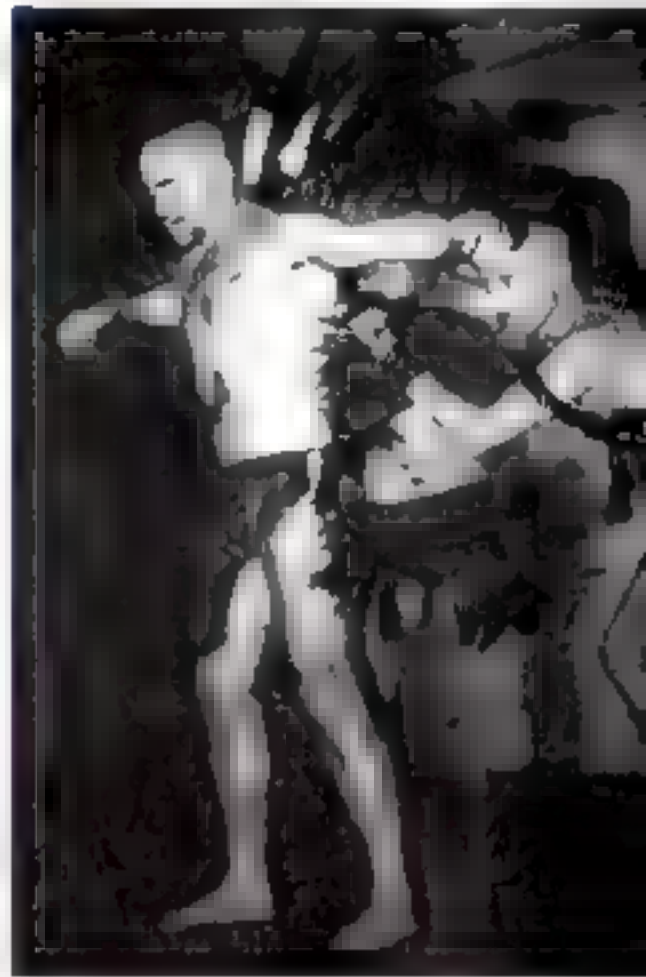


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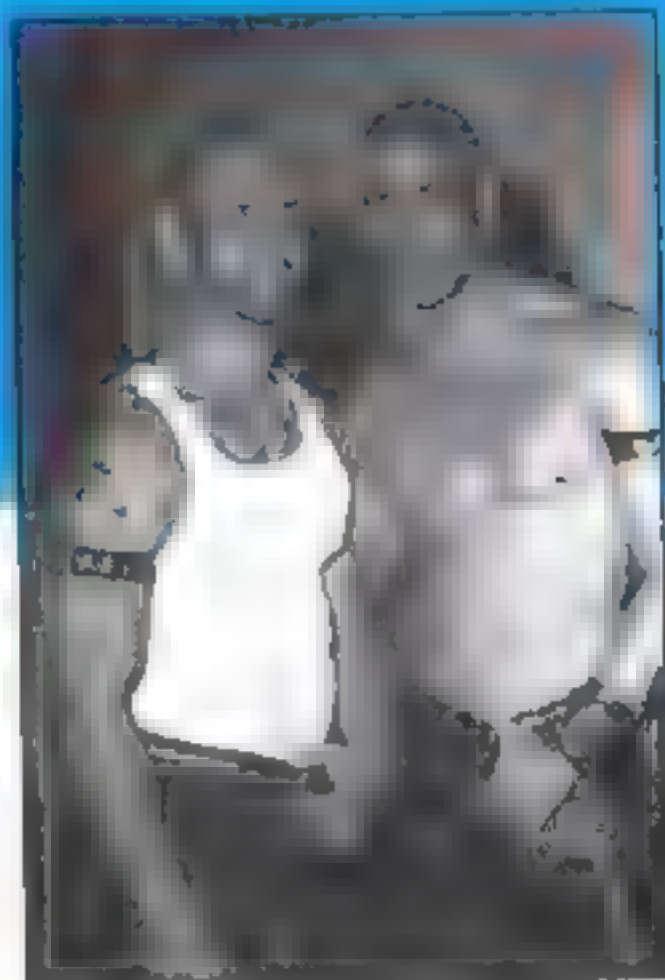
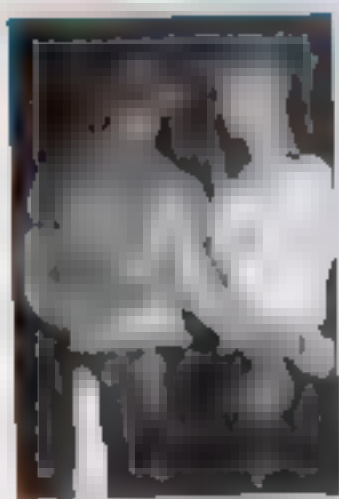


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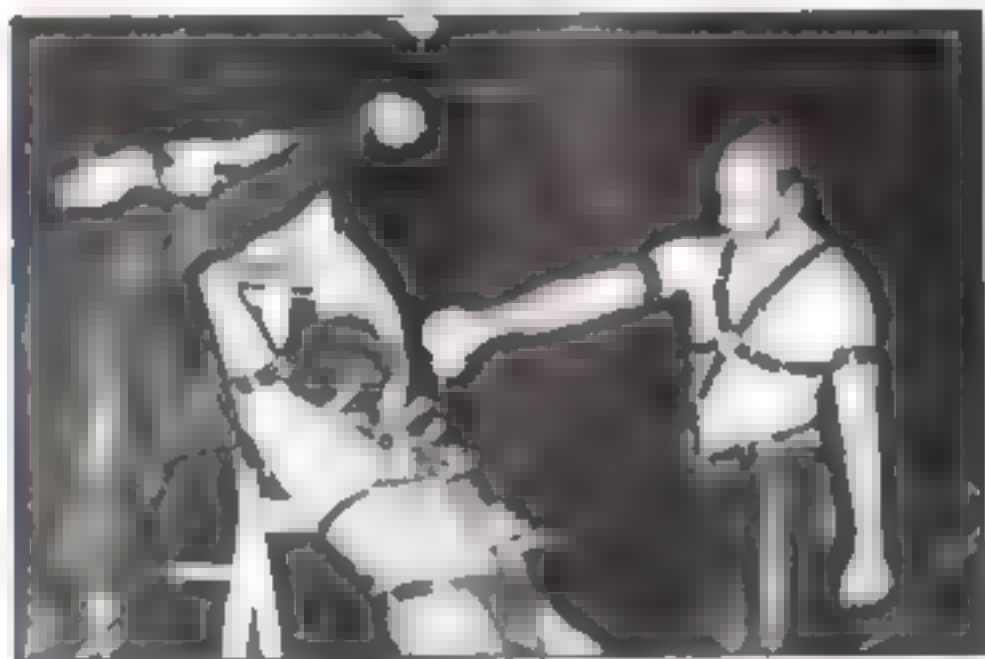
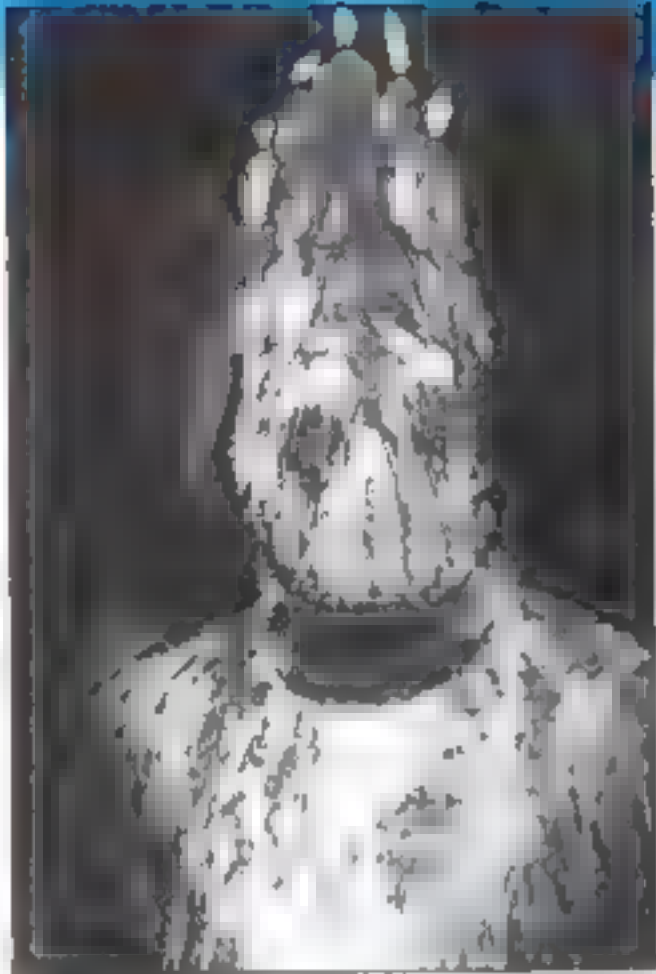


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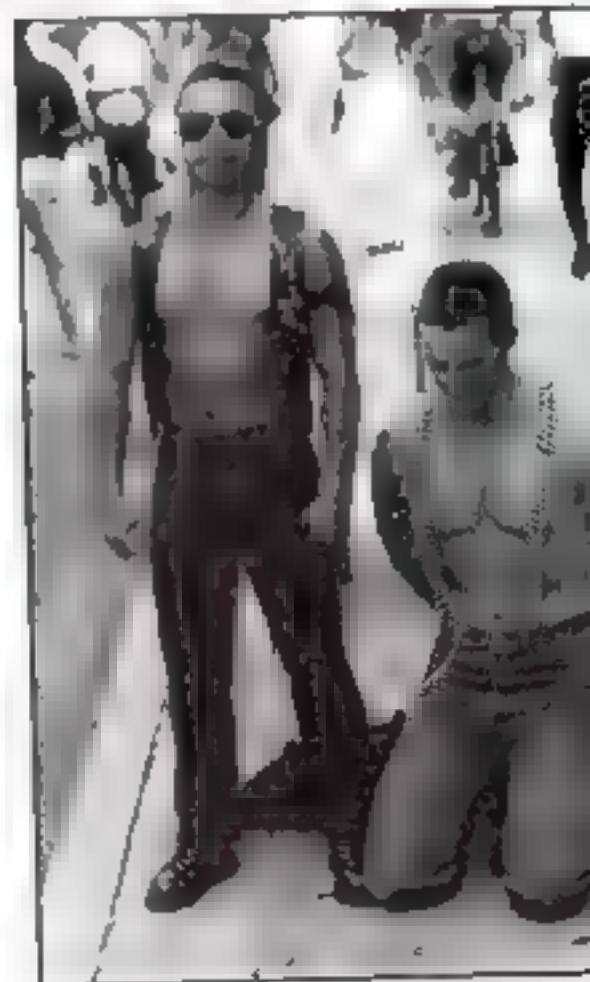
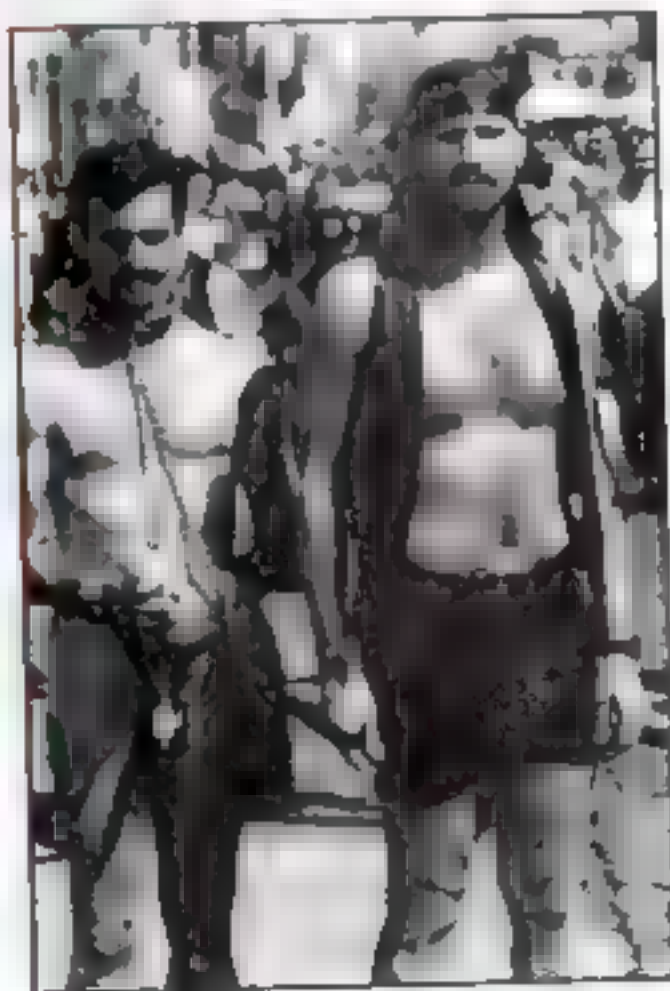
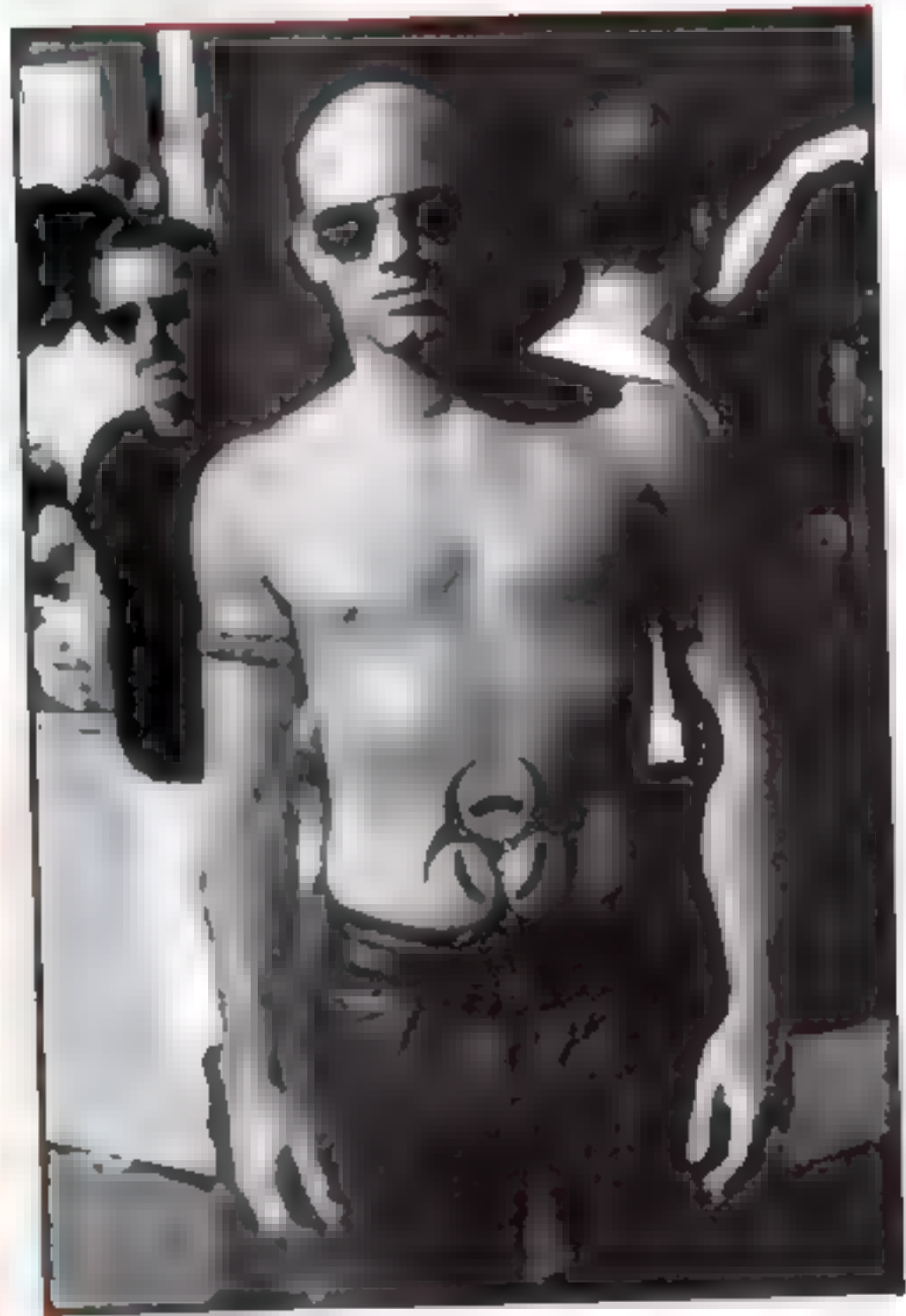


# Fetish & Fantasy

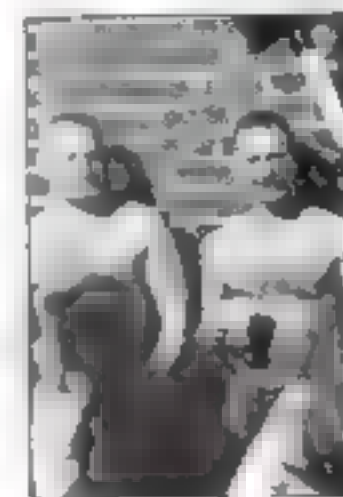
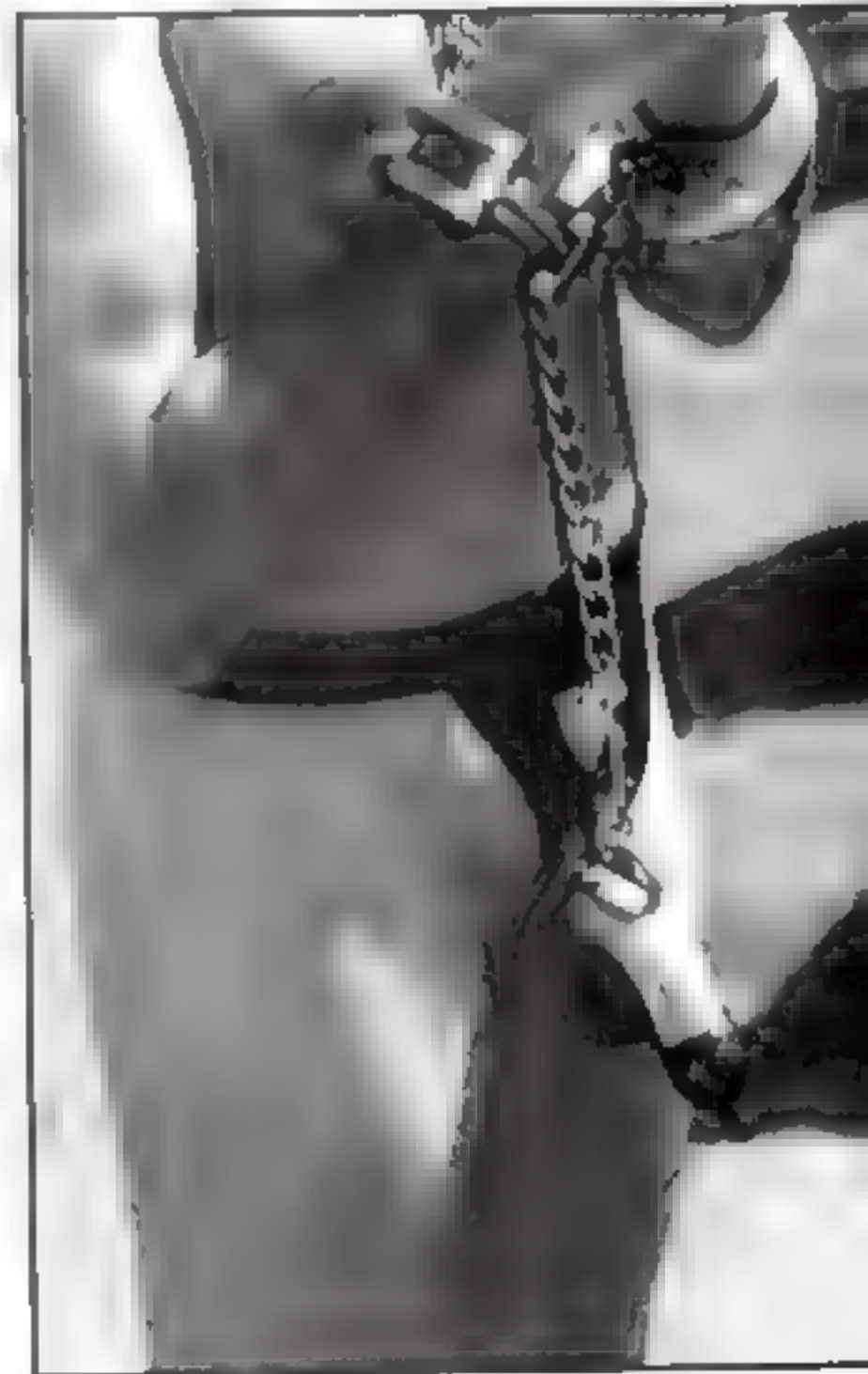
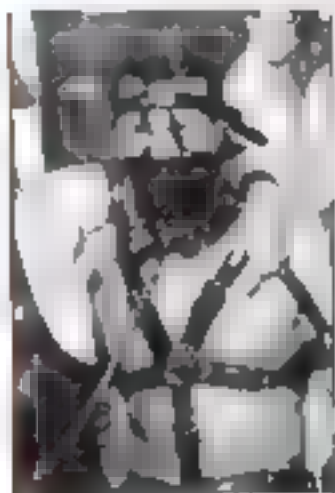




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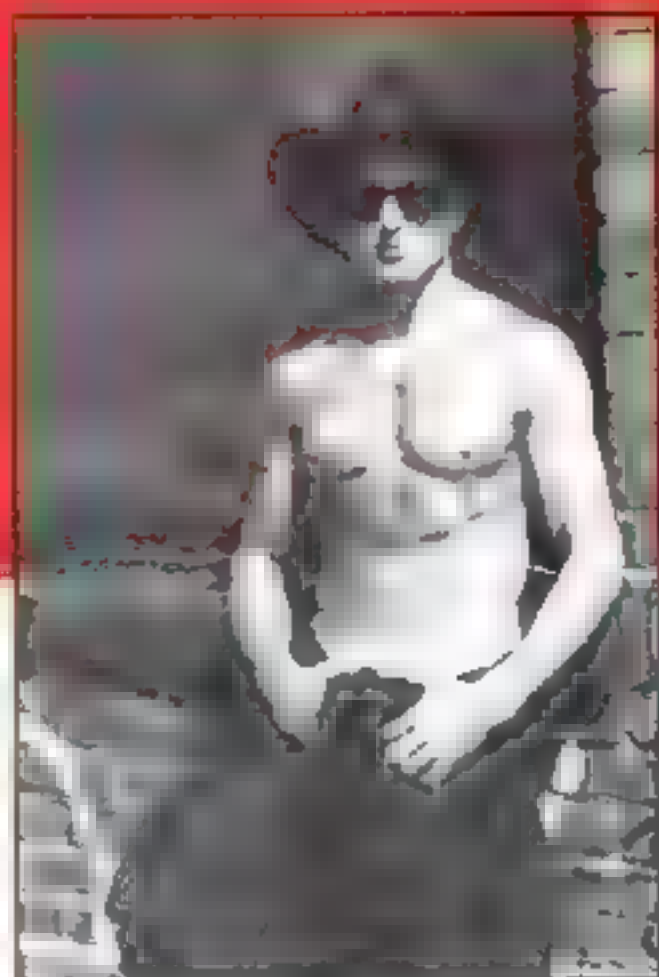
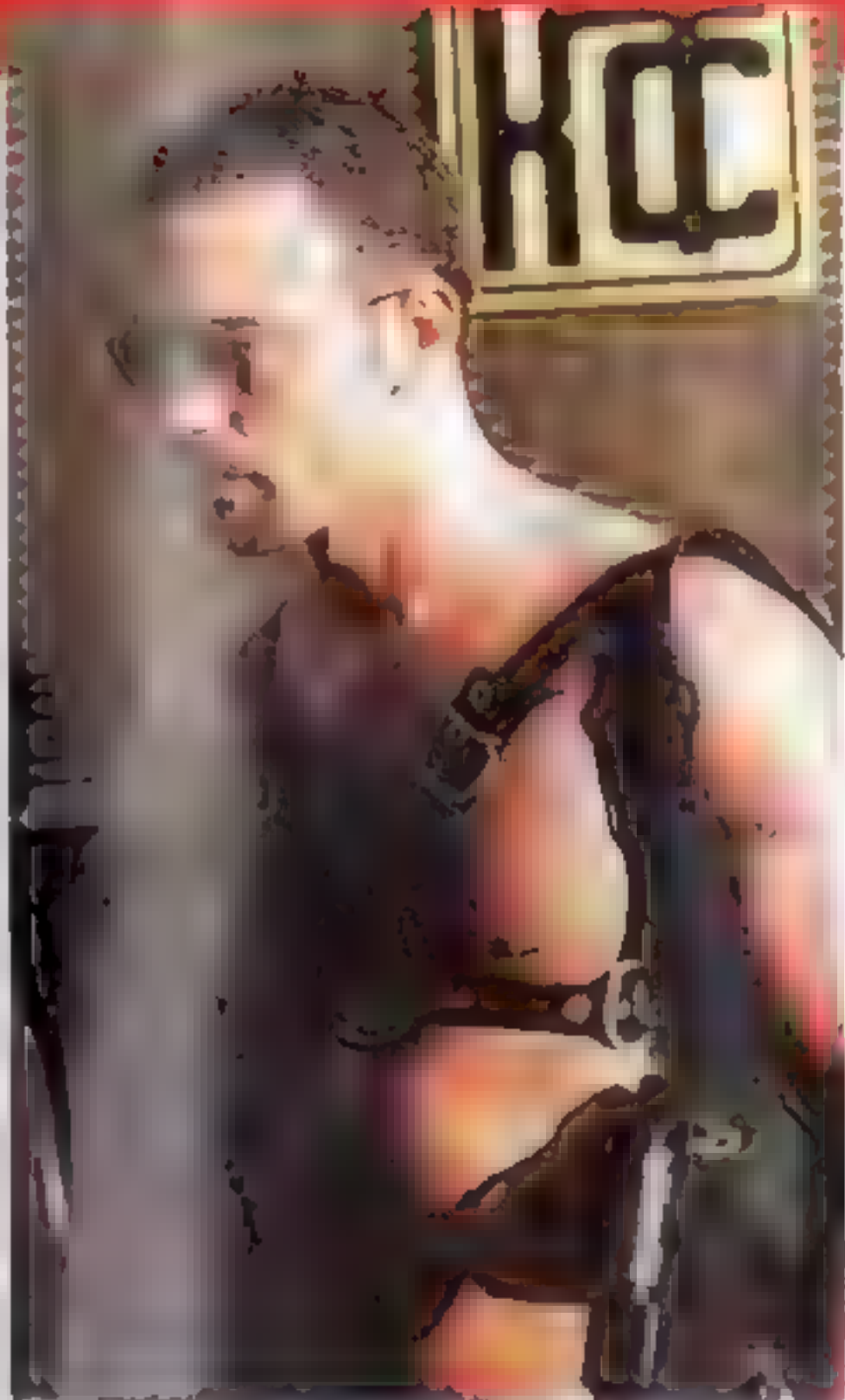
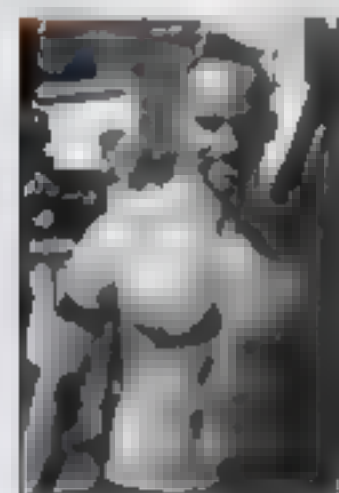
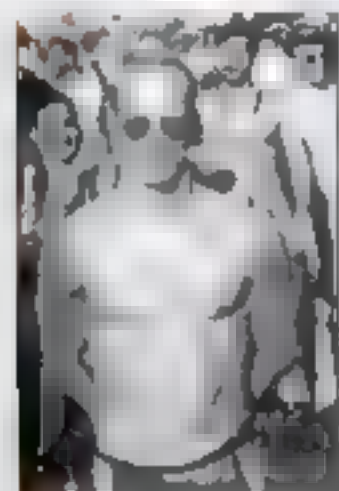




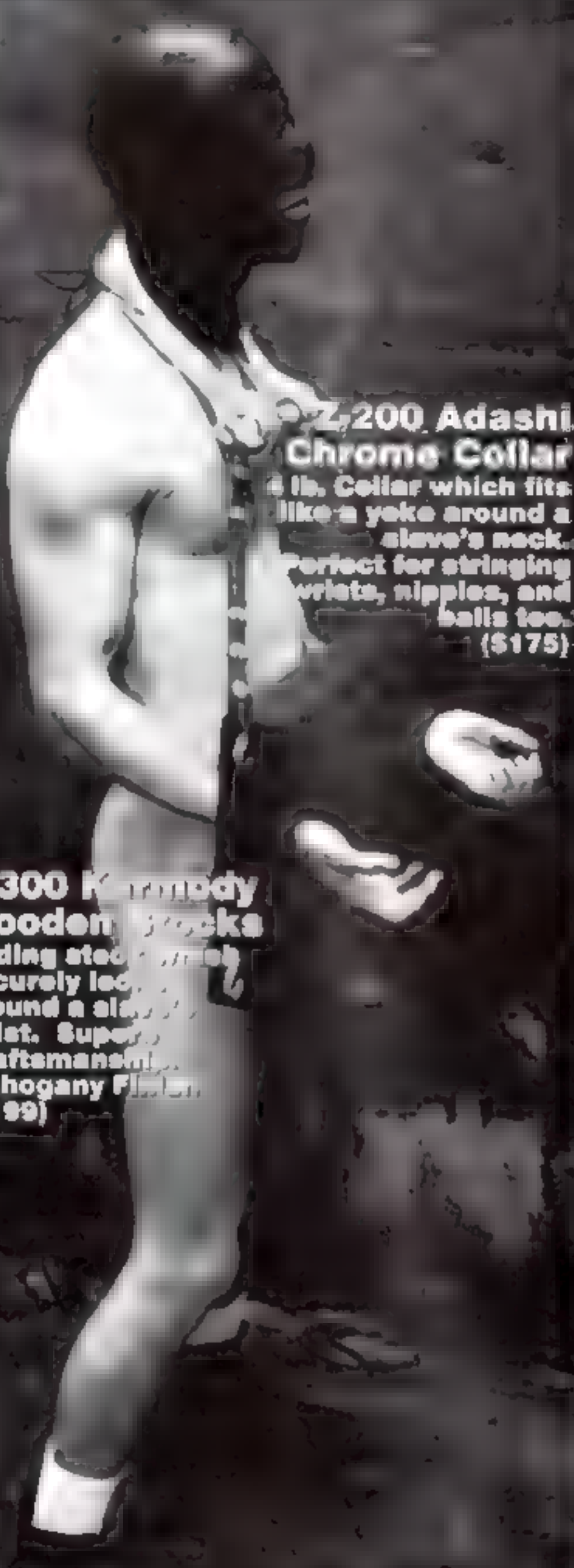




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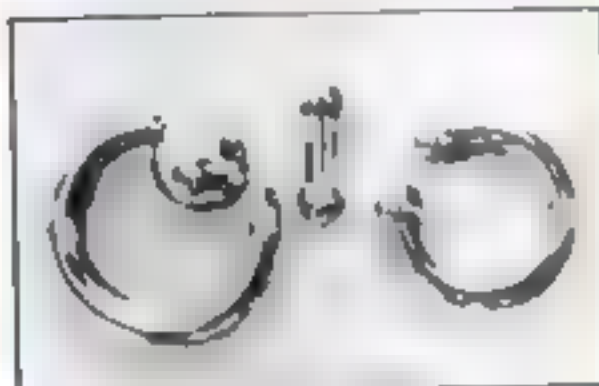


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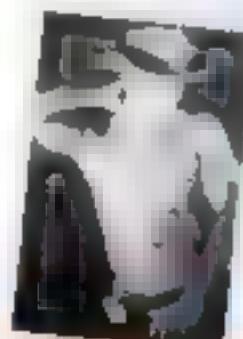
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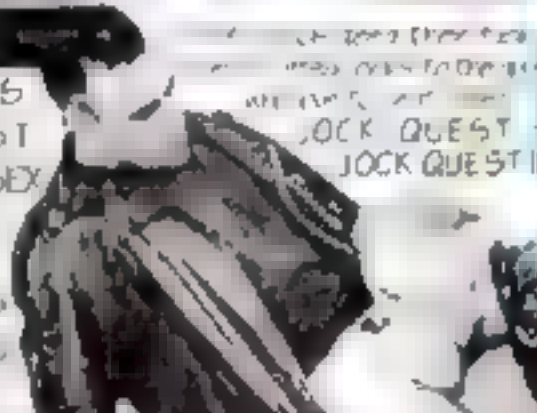


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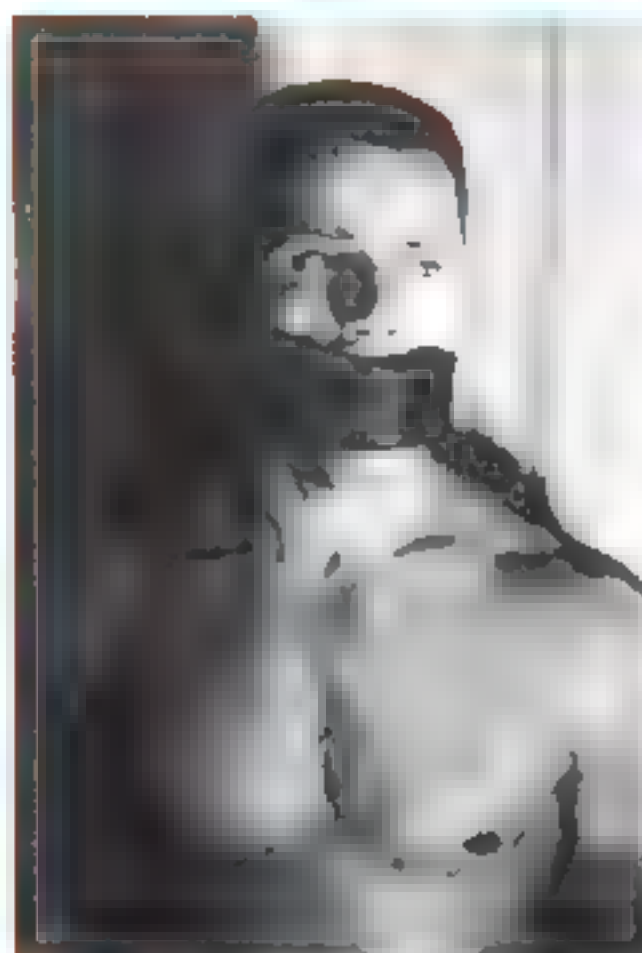


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# CLASSIFIEDS

## DEAR SIR

### NATIONWIDE

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#### "YEAH, I'LL CALL YOU SIR"

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#### APPETITE FOR EXCELLENCE

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#### ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

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#### ASIAN/LATIN LEATHERSEX

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#### ASSUME THE POSITION!

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#### AVAILABLE ON THE BEACH

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#### AZ DADDIES SEEK BOY

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#### BAD ASS CIGAR SMOKIN'!!

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#### BARE ASS NEEDS PADDLING

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#### BEAR-ASS-STRAPPING NEEDER

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#### BELLY BUTTON FETTER

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#### BELONG & KNOW YOU BELONG

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## CLASSIFIEDS GLOSSARY

### ORIENTATION

G Gays  
B Bisexual  
H Heterosexual  
M Male  
F Female  
Cpl Couple

### ACTIVITY

ISO in search of  
SKG Seeking  
SM Sadomasochism  
JO Jocking off  
BD Bondage & discipline

### COLORS (Hair/Eyes)

BLK Black  
BRN Brown  
BLND Blond

W White  
B Black  
L Latin  
A Asian  
J Jewish  
Btm Bottom  
Slv Slave  
yo Year old

WS Water sports  
Sht Shirt  
FF Fist fucking  
VA Verbal abuse  
SS Safe sex  
elec Electric torture  
CBT Cock & ball torture

RED Red  
GRY Grey  
S&P Salt & pepper  
SLVR Silver  
HZL Hazel

ft Feet/inches  
+/- Positive/negative  
# Pounds  
cm Centimeters  
kg Kilograms  
L/L Leather/Levi  
masc Masculine  
musc Muscular

TT Tit torture  
CBT Cock/ball/tit torture combined  
Fr a/p French (suck) active/passive  
Gr a/p Greek (fuck) active/passive

BLU Blue  
GRN Green

BB Body builder  
VGL Very good looking  
UC Uncut  
hung Big dick  
NS Non-smoker  
POB Post Office Box

CP Corporal punishment  
M/S Master/slave

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Attractive, 33yo, HIV-, seeks GM, 18-35yo, for mutual SM interests including BD, CBT TT vacuum pumps, hot wax electricity, catheters. Looking for safe sane individual who can take & give with respect. Give me a workout & I'll do the same to you. Young, uncut Latin, Asian or Black a plus but not required. 99 5LF

## MAKE THE GAME: ALL BEHIND

WM, 46yo, 5'9", 150# brown hair, beard big lips, cut, low hangers, kinky/bizarre Top/bottoms/mutual fits, hole stretching pain, raunch tattoos, piercings, uncult pumpers, weapons, shaving salon, sloppy sex. Any race. Karl, 836 Wheeler Woodstock IL 60098. (815) 338 9 37 AMs & Fr-Sat-Holidays. 3707 LF

## NO HIGHLIGHT MATE

Rugged straight-type Southern red-neck 35yo seeks slave 18-45yo Permanent total ownership only. No games, no bullshit. Real place for real slave. No race, experience, background or important. No heavy physical abuse no other limits. Serious only need reply 3700LF

## NO LIMITS

Short, stocky, chunky, piece of shit, pig dog, slave, sought by beast, Italian Master, 5'9", 220# 7" cut, HIV-, 40s, into total humiliation, degradation, control whipping, torture, WS, toilet, foot, complete oral service. Photo to POB 3058 Church Street Post Office, NY NY 10008 9874LF

## EVERYTHING HE SLAVE WANTED

by experienced, stable, well-built Top (with non-SM lover). 5'7", 170#, 41yo, educated professional. You: 22-35yo, in shape, healthy, eager. Seeking total mind/body control with harsh punishment. Must be willing to relocate. Letter with picture to Box 8836LF

## MEAT RACK

Put your meat on display. Appear in Tough customer reference on page 76

## ONTARIO (CANADA) MASTER

John Merton's novel "The Love of A Master" describes my situation. I'm a 55yo university graduate. Professional BD in interest. Are you youthful & under 30yo HIV? Seriously want to try out as live-in slave for one period? Could become permanent. Box 40462LF

## FIN SLAVE SECKE MASTER

GWM, 36yo, 5'3", 145#, seeks to serve Finnish leather Master into SM BD. TT, WH, anal, rimming, more for the right Master. Tattoos, uniforms, group activity. I'm ready to be used and abused. Massachusetts 88355LF

## POLICE/MILITARY/UNIFORMS

experienced, hotplayer wanted by dirty B. I'm a sadist for fun adventure permanent relationship, manly & non-fem only. If you are a slave, I want total control. I'm a submissive sugar daddy ideal. No self, masochists are pluses. No drugs/smoke/legs/losers. Real men. Mike 1742 2031 9867LF

## POLICEMAN REQUIRES SLAVE

Cop, 34yo, needs man of extreme power, position, or wealth as my part-time slave. Must need some discretion as I do. No sugar daddies or lems. Photo and submissive letter to Box 3669

## POWER DOMINATION CONTROL

Your core wants & needs demand that you submit to this strong-willed Master. I offer a life of servitude, living in leather and rubber BD. CBT & TT, WS verbal & psychological abuse. You will learn at my side & at my feet. Punished when needed. Growth expected. You: 30-40yo, body developed, HIV- educated & real-life skills. Step to the edge and fall. I'll be there to catch you. 5916LF

## PREPPT MASTER SEEKS SLAVEBOY

Looking for full-time Master? Bondage, control, chastity, ownership, discipline, chains & confinement but also friendship and growth? GWM, Master, 35yo, 6', 210#, attractive, intelligent and successful, seeks good-looking boy, 20-35yo, to live in & share with. Serious only (ready, willing & able to relocate) send letter & photo with phone in PCM 5840, Washington DC 20016 9156LF

## PROGRESSIVE TOP BOY

Dark spiked hair, 34yo, 5'8", 145#, very fit, with a lot of attitude and a thick stick that girls used to love. SO short, little fatter to bed down, dominate & make a fun I have to be a reform school. I'm a sweet boy OK. 9904LF

## PUNISHMENT FUCKING

Foul-mouthed, redneck Master, 48yo, 6' cop meat, HIV-, bullballs, makes fogalaves bag & cry for his sadistic pleasure. TT, CBT WS and BD. Be HIV-, ready to submit. Jacks, Black & Asian boys, long-haired punks needing hardass Master, send photo & humble, honest letter. 9826LF

## RAUNCHY AUSSIE BEAR & CUB

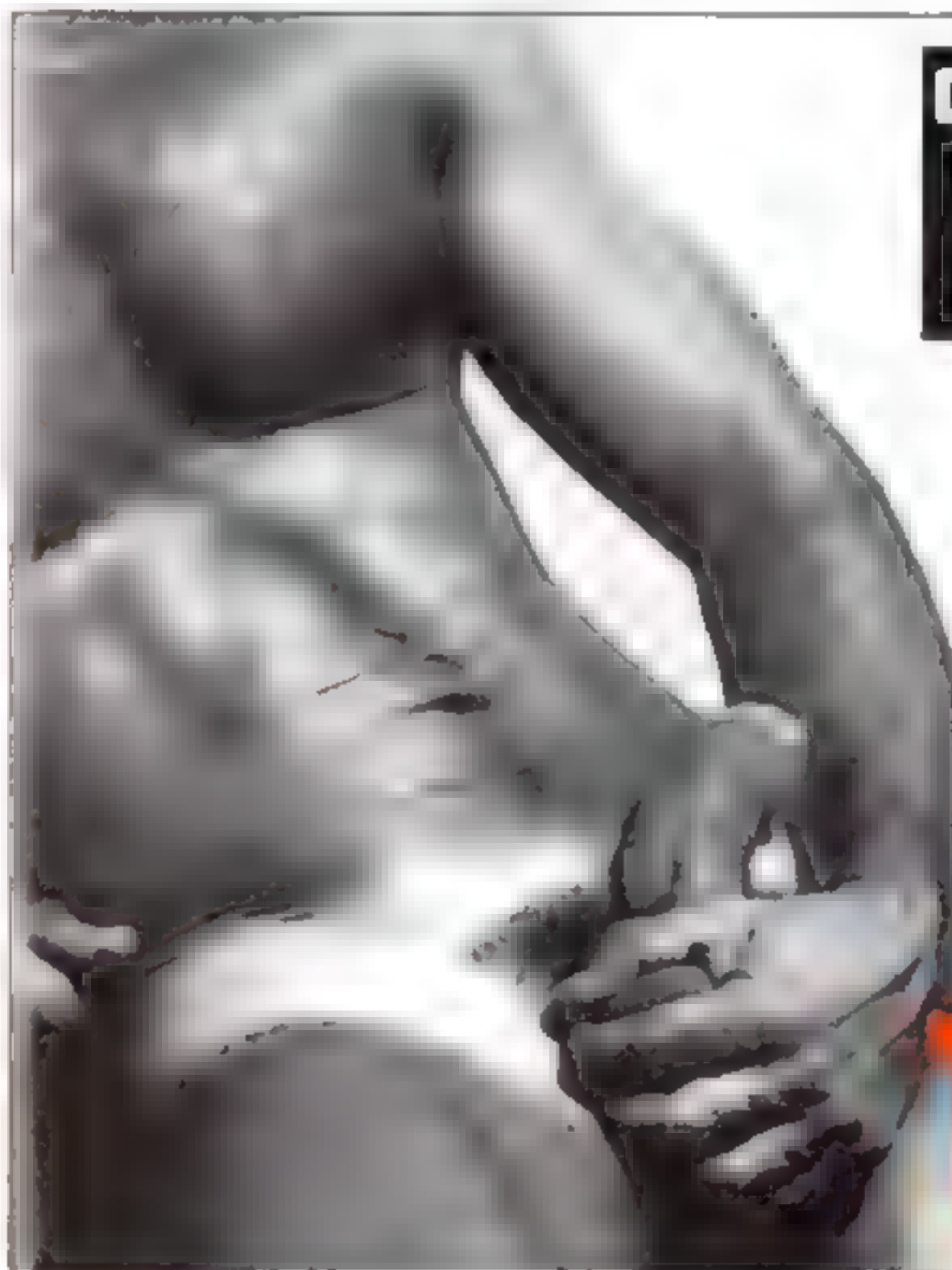
D/Bear 6', 183#, moustache, rough & aggressive. Cub 5'11", 165# cock sucking, fuck hole. Both muscular & VGL. D/Bear seeks well hung Dominant Bear for cub training BD, SM, VA, WS, ropes, sing training & asswork in private, L G bunker. Travel US & Europe in June '95 & need contacts. Photo gets ours. OZ Phone 011 61 9 385 2541 9881LF

## RAZOR STRIP BABY 45YO

Looking for big 200#, over 45yo Dad country farmer to whip boy's ass. I'm a big, husky farm boy, 39yo, who will suck Dad's cock and service him the way he wants. Very butch, muscular, 6', 205# of HIV-, hard working, honest man/boy. Take me to the woodshed, Pa, and teach me the hard way. Can travel. Photo and phone to: Shane. 9925

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Tall, slender, in-shape guy seeks buddies into mutual scenes-outdoors &+ Nudity, shaving, cactus bondage, stake outs, crucifixion, piercing, ritual SM and kink. Please be imaginative and love to experiment. Can travel anywhere. Photos welcome join us 3659LF

### FREE PHOTO CLASSIFIED

Meet men in the next issue of Tough Customers. Details on page 76

### TRADE WANTED

Photos of hung, uncult cock. Soft/hard, cumming/pissing/pierced, wanted to trade. POB 395, Sarasota, FL 34230

### TRAVELING MURDER FF

GWM, 38yo, good shape, pierced nipple & big cock, into FF dildos, shaving. Seeks others into intense ass play. Maryland to Florida. Full body photo gets mine. Ray, POB 526, Castletown QLD, 4812, Australia

### TRUCKER SEeks SON/SLAVE

Looking for young man for long-term relationship, to 40yo, that is proud to serve a man not ashamed. Into shaving and fit HIV- I am 52yo, 6'2", 210# Work and travel with me & be part of my family. You, me & 3 dogs. Call weekends, (209) 298-6527 LF

### TRUE SUBMISSIVE TWO BOYS

Mass Italian, 5'9", 170#, 37yo, hairy, w/ mustache, has life-long need to serve and please a REAL MAN. Beely, stocky, 180#, 40yo, 6'2", 210#. Age, weight and height not important. I am in shape & healthy. Photo please. Frank Sanci, POB 640684, Flushing, NY, 11364. I am serious

### TOFF LEATHER WHITELINE

Are there any real men who will wrestle for the Top? Not just leather pussies but tight assed Tops, willing to put it all on the line 6, 220#. Champ seeks opponents coming to New England who might be worth my sweat. Come on, I will make you my fuckboy! Bos 8407LF

### ONEUT

European, 50s, 170#, uncult, into heavy industrial rubber gear, hip boots, WS and muck. Seeks uncult buddy, 35yo+, with similar interests. East Coast, Mid West and Switzerland. Photo gets mine. Rolf POB 020689 Brooklyn, New York 11202 0015 8507LF

### VERY, VERY HARD PADDLING

WM, 41yo, 5'7" BRN/BRN. Here's all the buzz words: Top, bottom, paddles, straps, canes, switches, belts, wood, leather, restraints, butt bork, whips, blisters, welts, thighs, tight jeans, white jockeys, bare skin Dad-son coar... Master slave movies, home video, its roommate? Travel, St Louis 883 LF

### WANT PERMANENT PAIN SLAVE

Military, cap, jock, preppy, solid ass, big dick, big feet, needing total mind/body ownership. Masochist who knows in his mind, not his dick that pain/slavery will make life real. Send this photo to this 5'11", hairy, Italian sadist. 43yo, fat 9' uncult cock size 17 test 5 96LF

### GET FUCHER

Take a photo of yourself and send it to us for our Tough Customers. Details on page 76

### WANTED: BORN NOT MADE

GWM, 43yo, 5'7", 215#, sporty, into motorcycles, over-hanging beer, Send photo and info p & willing to... LF

### WANTED: MUSCLE TOP, MASTER

Well-built, Male, contractor, 39yo, 1, 5'10", 180#, muscular, seeks heavy, into leather, boots, M/S scenes, of fucking, photo gets mine. Ray 11202 0015 8507LF

### WE'VE GOT WHAT YOU NEED

Seeking submissives who can take ill Erotic scenes, CBT, TT VA, ropes, leather, restraints, in our equipped dungeon. Permanent position available. US goodlooking, dominant/submissive duo in early 30s. Letter/photo required. REG, POB 671256 Manetta GA 30066-D 38 3704LF

### TOUGH KINK

Cut the crap and send us your photo for the next issue of Tough Customers. Details on page 76. Do it now—asshole

### YOUR VERY OWN MURDER BOY

to obey & please, to be loved, appreciated, nurtured, to be owned, used, trained, dominated, to submit & surrender to it's safe, secure Masters/Daddies NOW not "maybe someday." Bill & Dick, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222 Make it happen. 5941LF

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needing spanking, TT, BD, dildos and more. You masculine, slim, HIV-, 18-32yo, cocksucker. No drugs, booze, smokers. am lean, masculine, hard, HIV-, UC, military haircut. 6', 80#, 40s. For only, 619) 298 3060, or letter/photo to Paul. POB 3834, San Diego, CA 92163 3356LF

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Goodlooking, kinky top, 5'9", 150#, BRN/BLU, works out, HIV-, seeks horny dudes into BD, leather, WS, runch, toys & CR 9926

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### MUSCULAR & INTO PECS AND TITS

Very hot, muscular guy, 6', 198#, with good pecs and big nipples. Seeks some (top/bottoms) who are into, very good looking, muscular, but also versatile. (top/bottoms) who are into men in leather. (top/bottoms) who are into play. Call 2-31 47

### OVER BOB OF COCK

WM 31, 180#, 40s, and your cock and well (top/bottoms) expanding collection in (top/bottoms) details on page 76

### PALM SPRINGS DOMINANT

WM 48yo 6' 1" 180# BRN BLU 9' (top/bottoms) intelligent, firm GM (top/bottoms) in the erotic adventure in the (top/bottoms) Application and photo

### POW/MIA

WM 31, 180#, 40s, and your cock and well (top/bottoms) expanding collection in (top/bottoms) details on page 76

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### WHITE SLAVE/SON WANTED

by GWM, 51yo, 6' 2", 180# You be 20-35yo HIV- handsome. You exist for my pleasure spanking & discipline. It accepted for training. You be collared 9821

## DC METRO

### "BUTTS BEAT—NUTS CRACKED"

WM 39yo will please men's bare butts, 18 35yo (top/bottoms) and ball work, cigarettes, and (top/bottoms) too. Steve @ (703) 329 9382, PMs/weekends

### 3 IF MEANS, EXPERT & VERSATILE

Mid 30s, 6' 1", 180#, 40s, and your cock and well (top/bottoms) expanding collection in (top/bottoms) details on page 76

### BONDAGE STUD

Hot leather slave, 40s, handsome, lean, muscular seeks intense scenes with serious leather Master. Safe only, travel widely. 5943LF

### HOTTEST TOP IN D.C. AREA

Executive sophisticated spirit, top, muscular, goodlooking, healthy, 45yo, 5'10" 190# nice abs, chest, arms, dick dark hair but bald with stache into heavy but some SM, BD, whippings, CBT, TT, wax, electricity, suspension, etc. Seeking younger, with shit together, masochist/buddy. Travel USA. 5938LF

### BUTT PARTNER WANTED

GWM, 42yo, 140#, 5'7", beard balding, uncut, hairy ass. Seeking Top/bottom, or mutual, for the following: dumping on face, smearing, kissing it, sniffing licks, enemas, wiping shithole. Not into eating but will happily take a dump in your mouth if you want. Age/looks unimportant. Serious only. Box 88474

### WM BODYBUILDER MASOCHIST

lean, muscular, attractive, hardbody 40yo, 5'10", 175#, 45" chest 31" waist. Frn Crp androgynous. Seek an non-smoker, HIV- Dominant. Whatever user abuse, whipping, rules active required. relate to Story of O. 9+ Weeks. Beauty & Punishment. JW POB 44029 F- Wash. Ingleton, MD 20749 9838LF

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Clean cut 28yo, lean & muscular. Personal services good looking dominant top under 40yo. No sweaty pink latex. No WS uncut or other with phallos. My mine POB 77 Asar Station Boston MA 02123

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### MY SERIALS ARE FOR IT

Attractive, 28yo, HIV-, seeks same, 18-38yo, to introduce me to (prefer mutual) SM, etc. Interests include BD, CBT, TT, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, catheters. Looking for safe/sane who can take & give with respect. Give me a workout & in turn be an eager subject to try things out on. Let's explore together. Photo, please to Box 3680LF

### SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom/slave needs master to train & expand limits. SM, BD, TT, CBT & was gags. Open minded and open body. This slave is loyal and ready to serve. (616) 786 3102 523 Butternut Lot 358, Holland MI 49424

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Into nut-stimulating toys, techniques: jacks, slaps, weights, rolls, stretchers, other pleas and pressures. Open, leathered, sensual, bearded, beated Southerner also enjoys rubbersports, long wet-suit mud games. Leather up and ride butt to jockstrap with Harold. 88472LF

## MISSOURI

### BOTTOM SEEKING TOP

WM, 32yo, into leather rubber/BD gags/hoods/enemas. Enjoy variety of scenes. Want man men to share SM permanence not necessary. Invest a letter and/or a picture. You'll get horny and the same. Let's explore the possibilities. Sex 8526LF

## NEW JERSEY

### ORAL SLAVE WANTED

For a slave who's a Master. 40yo, 180lb, 6'2", 175#, 31" waist. You must want to orally service a demanding Top. Contact: 202 4

### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

I am a 30yo male seeking young (8-30yo) women who are man enough to enjoy being dominated and heavy bondage. I am a 30yo male in my extraordinarily strong and muscular. Limits explored & enjoyed. I am interested in classic torture. Contact: 908 874-6725

### PHOTO PETISH

Page 100 - next issue of Tough. Contact: 202 4

### WANTS DOMINANT LEVI LOVER

HRN/BLJ, straight look/healthy guy, ISO bulch, built, 40yo, 6'3", 175#, 31" waist. Desire 18+ women who are young & smart like me. I am a 30yo male in my extraordinarily strong and muscular. Limits explored & enjoyed. I am interested in classic torture. Contact: 908 874-6725

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## NORTH CAROLINA

### AGGRESSIVE MEN ONLY!

GWM, 37yo, submissive, 6'1", 185# good body, into BD, CBT, TT, SM, gags, blindfolds, looking for an under 42yo top, who is aggressive but safe & sane. Photo required for reply. 99474

### SUB-AL-BOTTOM RELATIONSHIP

2dyo, 6'2", 200# attractive male, but tom seeking Top. Possible relationship SM, BD, TT, FF VA & more. I will expand. You experienced, attractive, masculine. 26-45yo. + + are basely hairy, extra-hung. Please send letter, photo, & photo? To: POB 3052, Greensboro, NC 27402 58786LF

## CHIO

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for weekend use. You are slim, short preppy type. You will be kept in the skimpy bikinis for the pure fun, play and some exhibitionism. Must be a good guy, nice and lovable. No J.M. Photo, phone for interview. 8686LF

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Looking for submissive guy, 21-40yo, into SM, BD, CBT, TT ass play. Must be provided. Safe, no drugs. Cleveland area. Letter, photo and phone to Box 9A28 F

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## OREGON

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Bondage, mummification, FF genital/tit play, spandex, hot sweaty leather/rubber sex, uniforms. Willing to explore/expand with right Top/Master. I'm 6' 180#, with short cropped beard, hairy chest. Able to travel, live in the Philly area. Reply with photo if possible. 9815LF

## SOUTH CAROLINA

### NEEDING EXPLANATION

26yo, BRN/BRN. Navajo seeks sane, safe, and patient exp. relation of limits by a dominating, not deg. master. willing to act as guide, mentor, friend and monarch. Primarily into BD, CBT, TT & enemas but we try pretty much. Help me to ascend. 9906LF

## TEXAS

### BOY SEEKS DOMINANT DAD

Boy is 30yo, 5'9" 140# with spankable and fuckable ass. Prefer Dad who is big, hairy, dirty mouthed and very aggressive in bed. Teach me if it's not too much. I have damn well needed. Send letter and photo to: Boxholder, POB 792311 San Antonio, TX 78279 2111 3

## COWBOY BOOT & SPUR PETISH

GWM, 40yo, 195#, 6'3" 12-D. Spurs/chaps/boots/saddles/whips and cowboys who use them hard on horses and men. This "hoss" likes rank armpits, ripe buttocks/sour crotch to sniff & lick. Quality gear/abusive attitude & cruelty a must. J.G., 3235 Basil Ct, Dallas, TX 75204 3641LF

### HOUSTON SLUT/FUCKBOY/CUNT

Will give hot, tight hole & mouth to masculine, dominant Tops with big dicks and active tongues. Into gang fuck scenes. I'm 36yo, 6', smooth, solid, very healthy HIV+ into the SM, WS, VA, spanking, mild TT BD, rimming, assplay, leather, uniforms caps, Daddys & bears. Strip me, tie me use me, fill my ass & face with cum. 5904LF

### HUMAN TOILET

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### NICE LKO 21-35 SON WANTED

Preppy or Country Western type, HIV-, NS, clean-cut fun, outgoing. Size 10+ feet, into feet/boots, JO, BD, & more. I'm goodlooking, 47yo, Dad X-MSMC HIV- NS, 5'10", 180lbs, BRN hair. In shape. 45°C, 34"W. OBJECT: Everlasting love. Photo for reply. R.H., POB 22806 Houston, TX 77227 5883LF



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groin Armondi, 952  
Rhode Island, SF CA  
94107

## PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

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Professional equipment, trained therapist  
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Your friend in Orlando! Pat. R. 407  
672 5652 Keith Bergstrasser & Co.

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Custom designed. One of a kind  
Blackwork and color. By appointment only  
MAD DOG TATTOO San Francisco (415)  
552 1297

### BEATWOOD MANOR - A SUE

BY leathermen, FOR leathermen. 30 min  
utes from NYC, 15 minutes from Newark  
airport in Roselle, NJ. Come swim in our  
pool, dip into our outdoor hot tub or see  
what awaits you in our fully equipped  
dungeon. Call for info/reservations. (908)  
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### USE OUR CHICAGO ADDRESS

Have your mail sent to a friend & secretly  
forwarded to you wherever you are (even  
overseas). Chicago voice mail available.  
too. The Mail Post, 2421 B Pratt, Chi  
cago, IL 60645. (312) 764 0100. Toll  
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### COP JOCK VIDEOS

7 TOTALLY "ARRESTING" COP OLYMPIC  
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COP WRESTLING 2 110 min., COP  
BOXING 60 min. and half! COP  
POWERLIFTING DAY 1, 90 min., COP  
POWERLIFTING DAY 2 108 min. &  
MASSIVE COPS & OTHER JOCKS' TUG  
OF WAR, 60 outdoor min. These 6 videos  
are \$49.95 each. Finally, try COP BODY  
BUILDING, 120 min. of 225# cops sweat-  
ing & posing, \$69.95. State VHS or BETA.  
Purchase all 7 videos (more than 10 FULL  
ACTION PACKED HOURS) in one set on  
the same date (normally cost of \$369.65  
for all 7.) and you pay only \$259.95.  
SAVE \$109.70! If you buy 1 video to  
"sample" the quality of picture & action  
you may still purchase the entire set in 1  
order. Simply subtract the cost of the  
sample video you purchased from  
\$259.95. We're that sure you'll like these  
videos you can't buy anywhere else. If you  
have a thing for cops, jocks, and hard  
core men, do it! Be sure to add \$4 EACH  
TAPE for postage & handling. CA res-  
idents: 6.5%. Money orders/Cashiers  
checks REQUIRED for full 10-hour sets &  
fastest service. Send for FREE Cop Bro-  
chure and/or place an order. PD Video  
2755 Bucher Valley Road Box B  
Sebastopol CA 95472

**HOT SCAT VIDEOS—THE BEST**  
The "Basic Training Series." info on how  
to order send SASE to Dave, 2215 R  
Market Street. #462, SF, Ca 94114

### BUY A PINE

Man to man Videos. World's largest se-  
ction. 24 page catalog, \$5 Steve  
Hadden, 82 Wal St. #105, NY, NY  
10005 international orders OK

## PENIS - NIPPLE ENLARGEMENT

Professional Vacuum Pumps • Instruction



Professional, non-surgical methods  
for penile, scrotum and nipple  
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and ejaculation

Gain 1"-3" • Permanent • Safe  
Electric or Manual Systems

**Dr. Joel Kaplan**

For Free Brochures & Pictures

**1-312-274-2191**

Latest Enlargement Information

**1-900-976-PUMP (\$2.95/min)**

## EDUCATIONAL AND INSTRUCTIVE

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the Unconquered mind & pen of REX  
Send \$10 for 5 big black & white  
SAMPLE PRINTS plus brochure  
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**DRAWINGS BY REX**  
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COMING SOON:  
Damron Accommodations Guide!

500+ GAY & LESBIAN HOT SPOTS

**NEW!**

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ask for a FREE catalog of  
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OVER 8,000  
LISTINGS  
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**ADDRESS BOOK**



# CLASSIFIEDS

## HOW TO PLACE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD:

1. FILL IN ORDER FORM AND GRID.
2. ENCLOSE CHECK, MONEY ORDER OR CREDIT CARD INFO.
3. MAIL TO: DESMODUS, INC., PO BOX 410390  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141-0390,  
FAX: (415) 252-9574 (CREDIT CARD ORDERS ONLY).

### BOX NUMBERS:

Box numbers are assigned to your ad and are forwarded even after your ad expires.

### PHONE NUMBERS:

You can place a phone number in your ad by using a phone number — cost \$5.00. A money order or check must be enclosed. Be at the phone number in your ad when the ad is published. Business hours are 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Pacific Time, Monday through Friday. If you have not verified your ad within three months, we will publish the ad with a box number only. We verify phone numbers and time. If you renew your ad at a later time and we cannot find the phone number, we will send a copy of the printed ad to your new address. We will not publish phone numbers in personal ads. Please

### PHONELINES:

Advertisers may call us at (415) 252-1195 and leave your ad or any message to our attention. Boxholders and Leather Fraternity members may call us to receive a box number and passcode for their current ad. Your phone line will be active in the next available issue of *Drummer*.

### CHANGING OR CANCELLING YOUR AD:

Changes must be in writing along with your payment of \$10. We will not refund any fee for cancellation of your ad.

### PHOTO ADS:

A photo ad is only considered for Tough Customers (see page B1 for details). Personal and commercial advertisers can have a photo printed with their ad. Personal ads pay \$35 and commercial advertisers pay \$40. Photos must be 1 9/16" square. Photo along with a signed statement that you are of legal age. Photo will be 1 9/16" square. Please note: We reserve the right to size and crop photos. Photos will not be returned.

### SELECT A CATEGORY:

Personal • Models/Escorts • Models/Escorts • Models/Escorts • Models/Escorts

### EXCEPTIONS:

We will not accept any ad for any reason. We will not accept ads for prostitution or drugs.

### DEADLINES:

Your classified ad will appear in the next available issue. Allow 60 days to see your ad in a future issue. Allow 60 days for people to respond to your ad as well.

## HOW TO RESPOND TO A CLASSIFIED AD:

### 1. FOR ADS WITH A BOX NUMBER:

- Reply in an envelope on which you have written the box number.
- Postage: First ounce (U.S.) costs 29 cents for the first ounce. Canada and Mexico cost 40 cents for the first ounce. For each additional ounce, foreign postage costs 45 cents for the second half-ounce, 45 cents for the second half-ounce. Foreign overseas postage is not used. Foreign country responses: If U.S. Postage is not provided, send on additional \$5. Postal rates are subject to change without notice.
- Put the correct address on the \$1 forwarding fee (include a note if you are a LP member, reply in another envelope and mail it to: DESMODUS, INC., PO Box 410390 San Francisco, CA 94141-0390).
- Letters not properly prepared will be returned to sender.
- Desmondus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

### 2. FOR ADS WITH ( SYMBOL:

1. Using a touch tone phone dial 1-800-959-8684 (\$1.98 per minute billed to your credit card) or 1-900-468-6844 (\$3 first minute, \$2 each additional minute billed to your phone number).
2. Follow the voice directions from the phoneline. For 1-800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four-digit number appearing at the end of the ad you want to contact.

## THE LEATHER FRATERNITY



## SAVE MORE THAN 60%

Join the Leather Fraternity today!  
(Enrollment on page 77)

### Compare the cost:

Non-members \$470 - \$510 / Members \$185 (\$240 out of the US)

\*Taxes for personal ads only, no credits or commercial ads accepted.

### • \$59 VALUE

12-issue subscription to *Drummer*

### • \$10 VALUE PER CHANGE

Change ad copy up to 3 times.

### • \$399 VALUE

10-line personal ad in *Dear Sir* for 12 issues.

### • \$1 VALUE PER AD

No forwarding fees when responding to other ads.

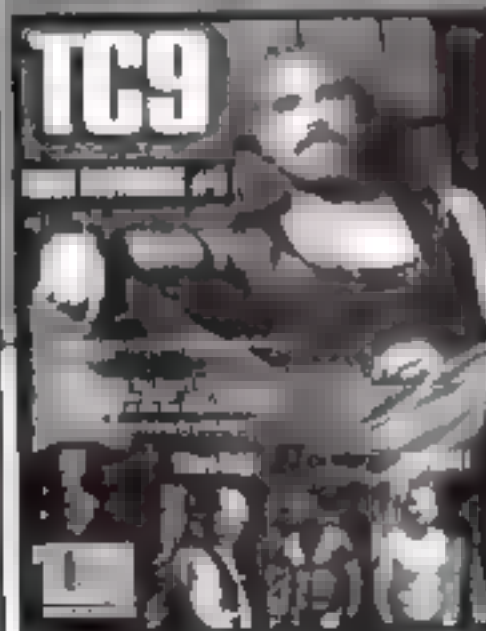
### • \$5 VALUE

No fee for a box number.

### • \$2 VALUE

No phone verification charge.

## SEND US YOUR PHOTO



Are you tough enough to become a *Drummer* Tough Customer?

To prove it just send us a photo of yourself (black & white, 4"x6" or larger preferred) in any pose so we can show you off in our next issue of *Tough Customers*—the Photo Personal Publication. Make sure to print your name and address on the back of the photo along with a signed statement that you are of legal age. You may include your address for publication, or we will assign you a confidential TC Box #. Having your photo in our *Tough Customers* is one of the greatest ways to meet other *Drummer* men with your interests from all over the country/world. Please note that we cannot show penetration. Photos cannot be returned.

Send photos to: Desmondus, Inc., POB 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390

GET SEEN IN DRUMMER'S TOUGH CUSTOMERS PHOTO



☎ 1800-4103-93

**San Francisco, CA 94141-0390  
(415) 252-1195**

MF

ADDRESS

CITY

TATE

ZIP

PHONE

Dear Sirs: I am writing you to inform you that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that you will need to forward it to me for approval. I will be responsible for any mistakes or technical errors. I am responsible for any transmission errors that occur through their publication. Desmond, Inc., has the right to publish my advertisement and photo (if sent) in the magazine. I understand that you will be responsible for any mistakes or technical errors.

GNAT, RE  
REQU RED

**IN THIS CATEGORY:**

PERSONAL ☒ MODELS/ESCORTS ☐ COMMERCIAL ☐

• go online index below

**UNDER THIS HEADING:**

HOME STATE (COMMERCIAL)

\* Pending Value Mail Order, etc. \*

NATIONWIDE INTERNATIONAL

OTHER

(If you do not select a hearing, we will place the bid in your home state.)

**COST OF AD:**

Read across to the amount in the right margin of the last line you have used. + + + + + \$

Include my photo (Models/Escort add \$35.00,  
Commercial add \$50.00) ☐ ☐

Subtotal ..... \$

Number of times pd will run ++++++ ++++ +-----+ +-----+ +-----+

Subtotal ..... \$

For 4 or more insertions  
deduct 10% from subtotal

Box Number (One-time charge of \$5.00) ..... +

Telephone Number in ad (Add \$2.00) \_\_\_\_\_

Total		\$
-------	--	----

**OR:** Sign me up for the Leather Fraternity! This includes a Drummer subscription, a personal ad (maximum 10 line ad) and free forwarding as described on the facing page, all for only \$185.00 (\$240.00 outside the U.S., \$

**METHOD OF PAYMENT:**

Check (Paragraph to Desmodus) re

Money Order

Visa      Mastercard

American Express

CARD # \_\_\_\_\_ EXP \_\_\_\_\_

Your signature is required here for credit card authorization

Allow at least 60 days for your ad to be published

## BOLD HEADING

5 characters maximum (excluding punctuation and spaces)

[illegible]

**AD COPY:** (One charge to per box, including punctuation and spaces)

[illegible]

CHECK HERE IF YOU DO NOT  
WISH TO BE CONNECTED TO  
THE PHONE SERVICE

<b>BEAR SIZE</b> MIN AD COST <b>\$12.50</b>	<b>LEATHER FRATERNITY</b> MIN AD COST <b>FREE</b>	<b>MODELS ESCORTS</b> MIN AD COST <b>\$18.75</b>	<b>COMMERCIAL</b> MIN AD COST <b>\$25.00</b>
\$16.00		\$24.00	\$32.00
\$19.50		\$29.25	\$39.50
\$23.00		\$34.50	\$46.00
\$26.50		\$39.75	\$53.00
\$30.00		\$45.00	\$60.00
\$33.50		\$50.25	\$67.00
\$37.00		\$55.50	\$74.00
\$40.50	\$37.80	\$60.75	\$81.00
\$44.00	\$75.60	\$66.00	\$88.00
\$47.50	\$112.40	\$71.25	\$95.00
\$51.00	\$150.20	\$76.50	\$102.00

Need more space? Print or type the rest on a separate sheet. If necessary, the tables spaces you use, add \$3.50 for Dear Sir Personals. \$42.00 (\$3.50 x 2 issues) for Leather Fraternity Personals. \$5.25 for Models/Exotics. \$7.00 for Commercial



# SMITTOOLS

**Handmade Furniture**  
(chairs, tables, benches, pillars, etc...)



**CALL FOR INQUIRES IN HOLLAND**  
+31 20 614 6745  
OF FAX +3120 614 77842

**TONY STAR AND BRYAN DERBYSHIRE WELCOME YOU TO**

## THE STABLEMASTER HOTEL

HOTEL • APARTMENTS • BAR

Rooms with cable TV, coffee-making facilities

Two minutes from leather bar

Warmoesstraat 23

1012 HT Amsterdam

Phone 010-3120-624-8148

FAX 010-3120-624-8747

## MASTER LEATHERS

LEATHER • RUBBER • SPORTSWEAR

SHOP NOW OPEN: MON-SAT 11am-6pm

Warmoesstraat 32

1012 JE Amsterdam

Phone 010-3120-624-8573

FAX 010-3120-624-8747

## STABLEMASTER BAR

OPEN: Mon-Thurs 20.00-24.00

Fri-Sat 20.00-01.00

Warmoesstraat 23

1012 HT Amsterdam



**JACK-OFF PARTIES EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT FROM 8pm. ADMISSION 10glds.**

**Leather & much more**

**1-900-370-7979**

\$1.95/min. Phone Zone/Pgh., PA/Be 18+  
Press 1 for Tops • Press 2 for Bottoms

**New! Men like you are waiting!**

- Talk live in a group • Talk live privately
- Hear raunchy recorded fantasies
- Hear sexy voice personals from local guys

**1-900-342-MENN (6366)**

\$2.49 to \$3.99 per minute depending on service selected  
Marketing by Phone Power Inc., Pgh., PA Must be 18+ to call

**America's best 4-in-1 hotline!**

- Hot LIVE orgy room
- Custom one-on-one LIVE fantasy guys
- Sizzling recorded fantasies
- Down 'n dirty local bulletin board

Charge to your phone bill...

**1-900-745-4004**

Charge to your MasterCard or Visa...

**1-800-827-DICK**

\$2 to \$3.50 per minute depending on service selected  
Marketing by West Penn Audio, Pgh., PA Must be 18+ to call

**GET HARD, GET FUCKED, GET INFORMED!**

**SUBSCRIBE AND SAVE!**

☐ **Drummer**

12 Issues

U.S. Foreign

**\$59 \$120**

☐ **Tough Customers**

6 Issues

**\$35 \$50**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ **Check** enclosed, made payable to Desmodus, or

☐ **Charge** it to

☐ Visa

☐ MasterCard

☐ Am. Ex.

Card # \_\_\_\_\_

Exp \_\_\_\_\_

Credit card holders may order

by phone (415) 252-1195 or fax (415) 252-9574

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

I am over 21 years of age (Signature is required on all orders)

For current or back issues issues — call RoB Gallery (415) 252-1198

**DRUMMER**



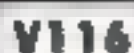
**TC9**





## GRAPIK ARTS

<b>V320</b>	The Lizard Rappalo)	59
<b>V321</b>	Fervent Hobby Vega)	59
<b>V322</b>	Fulgury Weekend (Jetties)	59
<b>V324</b>	Jon T's Bulch)	59
<b>V326</b>	Caught (Rod)	59
<b>V327</b>	Game Lad (Lash)	59
<b>V328</b>	Pirate's Prize (Chris Valens)	59
<b>V329</b>	Spring Break (Chris Valens)	59
<b>V331</b>	To Train Up a Pirate (Valens)	59
<b>V332</b>	Flower Tree Address	59
<b>V333</b>	Twisted Knives Marko	59
<b>V334</b>	Caged Tony Hilda	59
<b>V335</b>	Custom Man Caravaggio	59
<b>V338</b>	Roped & Pumped	59
<b>V339</b>	Shaved Down	59
<b>V340</b>	Thirty Day Jail	59
<b>V341</b>	Roped and Drilled	59
<b>V342</b>	Strung Up	59
<b>V343</b>	Daddy Trains	59
<b>V344</b>	Obedience Lesson	59
<b>V345</b>	Roped and Delivered	59
<b>V346</b>	Doggie Trained	59
<b>V347</b>	Best of Tom "Ropes" McGuirk 1	59
<b>V348</b>	Best of Tom "Ropes" McGuirk 2	59
<b>V349</b>	Best of Tom "Ropes" McGuirk 3	59
<b>V350</b>	Best of Tom "Ropes" McGuirk 4	59



V401	1
V402	2
V403	3
V404	4



V331

**APOLLO**

V161	115 T 1 4 16 17	7 3 3 5
V162	115 T 1 4 16 17	4 4 4
V163	115 T 1 4 16 17	4 4 4
V164	115 T 1 4 16 17	4 4 4
V165	115 T 1 4 16 17	4 4 4
V166	115 T 1 4 16 17	7 3 3 5




V403

## HOT HOUSE

V450	Spinning standing	Re. 4.
V451	For the Mark	Q Q
V452	For the Vice	Q Q

VIDEO CODE/TITLE	QTY	PRICE
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		



**NEW R&B MERCHANDISE CATALOG**

**SUB TOTAL**

**SHIPPING/HANDLING**

**DISCOUNT**

**TOTAL**



## ROB VIDEO

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(California Residents add 8.5% sales tax)

Check or Money Order in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Charge ☐ Visa ☐ MC ☐ American Express

Card Number \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

(I am at least 21 years of age—Signature required)

2. I am not ordering these items for my own private use, but for the use of any person whomsoever I determine to be worthy of my personal attention. I have no intention of having this material be put on any list or any other government agency forbidding sexually explicit material. I should change my mind in this regard, I agree to notify you in writing. I will mail you from time to time such materials/circulars in which I believe my standards reflect those of the general public.

7	AL, IL, IN, MI, OH, PA, RI, VT	EXPENSE	10	Other foreign states	AZ, FL, GA, MD, NY, TX, UT
---	--------------------------------	---------	----	----------------------	----------------------------

Send orders to: **ReB Gallery**, 22 Shotwell Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, Phone (415) 252-1198/ Fax (415) 252-9574.







# SEND US YOUR PHOTO & GET INTO DRUMMER'S TOUGH CUSTOMERS

Are you tough enough to become a *Drummer Tough Customer*? To prove it just send us a black and white photo of yourself (hopefully in a provocative pose) so we can show you off in an upcoming *Tough Customers* issue. Make sure to print your name and address on the back of the photo along with a signed statement that you are of legal age.

You may include your address for publication, or we will assign you a confidential TC Box #.

Having your photo in our *Tough Customers* magazine is one of the greatest ways to meet other *Drummer* men with your interests — from all over the world.

• We cannot show penetration.

• Photos cannot be returned.

• Please send photos to:

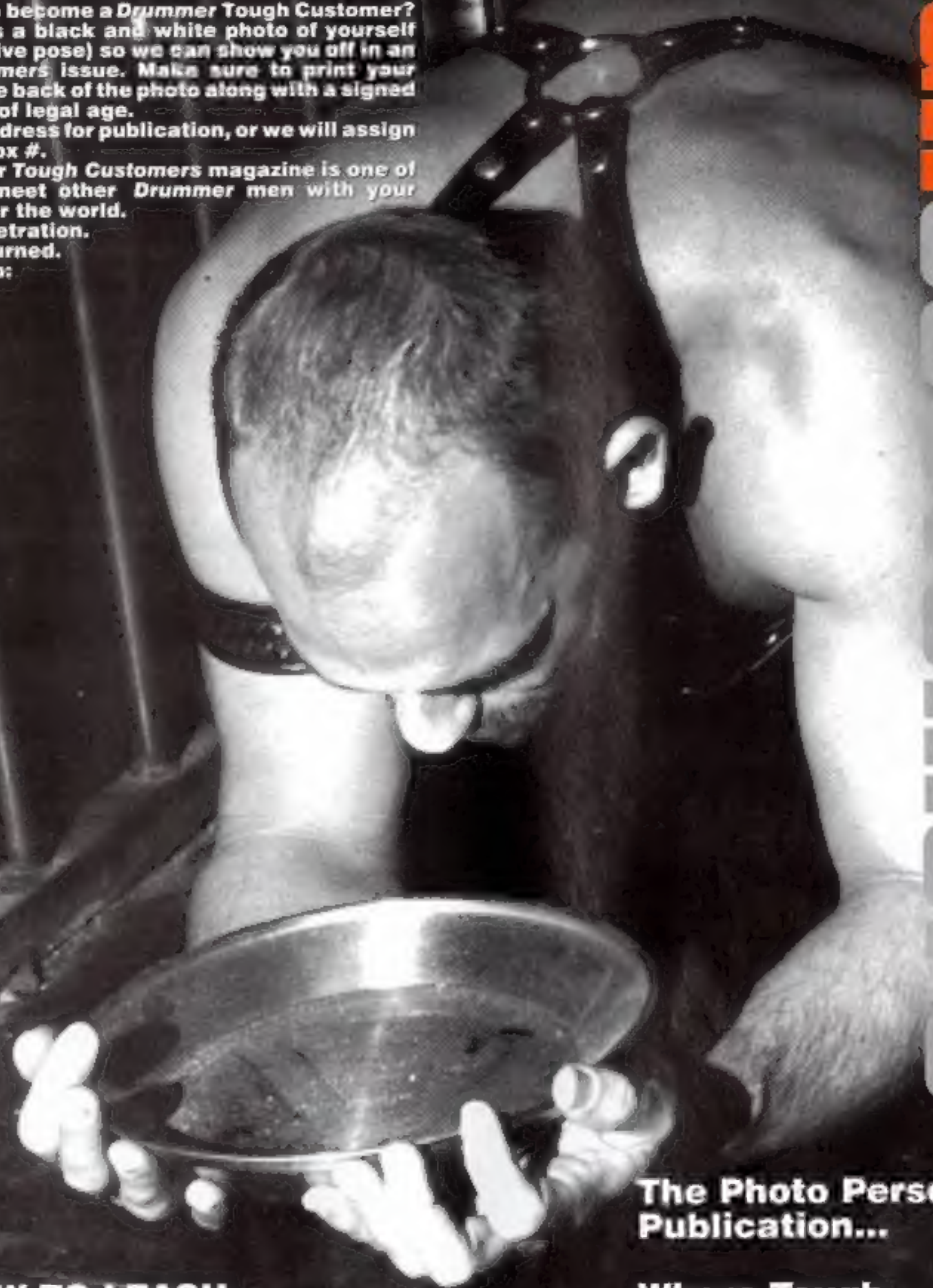
Desmodus, Inc.

P.O. Box 410390

San Francisco,

CA 94141

**TOUGH CUSTOMERS**



The Photo Personal  
Publication...

Where Tough  
Drummer Men Meet!

FIND OUT HOW TO LEASH  
THIS CAGED MONGREL  
IN TOUGH CUSTOMERS  
ISSUE #10.

**GET SEEN! GET HEARD! GET LAID!**



**DRUMMER 181**

**NO COMMENT CUMMING UP**





# RIDE HARD!

**SERIOUS CONNECTIONS FOR HORNY MEN**

ORGY • S/M • J/O • 1 ON 1  
BULLETIN BOARD • FANTASY CALLS

As Low As

**10¢**

Per Min

**1-800**

**MAN-TALK**

10c Per Minute • Visa / MC

**1-900**

**HOT-LETH**

The Connector, Inc. 1174 Howard Street, SF, CA 94103

Photo: Jim Wigler

**\$1.98** Per Minute



# THE LEATHER LINE



**1-800-858-5588**  
24 HOUR  
HARD CORE PHONE SEX!

**CALL NOW!  
TALK LIVE,  
LOCAL  
AND  
NATIONWIDE.**

**1-800-HOT-LEATHER**

BILLED TO YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD.

**1-900-HOT-LEATHER**

BILLED TO YOUR TELEPHONE.

**\$2.99-min.**

Must Be 18 Or Older. Prices Subject To Change.  
Free Info: 1-800-676-GUYS